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A

NEW VERSION

OF

The Psalms of David,

FITTED TO

THE TUNES USED IN CHURCHES.

BY

NICHOLAS BRADY, D.D., AND NAHUM TATE, ESQ.
CHAPLAIN IN ORDINARY TO HIS MAJESTY. POET-LAUREAT

Cum Privilegio.

Cambridge:
Printed at the University Press.

M.DCCC.XLIV.

G. R.

At the Court at Kensington, Dec. 3, 1696.

PRESENT,

THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY IN COUNCIL.

UPON the humble Petition of *Nicholas Brady* and *Nahum Tate*, this Day read at the Board, setting forth, That the Petitioners have, with their utmost care and industry, completed a New Version of the Psalms of David, in English Metre, fitted for publick use; and humbly praying His Majesty's Royal allowance, that the said Version may be used in such Congregations as shall think fit to receive it:

His Majesty, taking the same into his Royal Consideration, is pleased to order in Council, That the said New Version of the Psalms, in English Metre, be, and the same is hereby allowed and permitted to be used in all Churches, Chapels, and Congregations, as shall think fit to receive the same.

W. BRIDGEMAN.

May 23, 1698.

HIS Majesty having allowed and permitted the use of a New Version of the Psalms of David, by Dr. BRADY and Mr. TATE, in all Churches, Chapels, and Congregations; I cannot do less than wish a good success to this Royal Indulgence: for I find it a work done with so much judgement and ingenuity, that I am persuaded it may take off that unhappy objection, which has hitherto lain against the Singing Psalms; and dispose that part of Divine Service to much more Devotion. And I do heartily recommend the use of this Version to all my Brethren within my Diocese.

H. LONDON.

A

NEW VERSION

OF

The Psalms of David.

PSALM I.

HOW blest is he who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk;
Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk.
2 But makes the perfect law of God
His business and delight;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.
3 Like some fair tree, which, fed by streams,
With timely fruit does bend,
He still shall flourish, and success
All his designs attend.
4 Ungodly men and their attempts
No lasting root shall find;
Untimely blasted, and dispers'd
Like chaff before the wind.
5 Their guilt shall strike the wicked dumb
Before their Judge's face;
No formal hypocrite shall then
Amongst the saints have place.
6 For God approves the just man's ways,
To happiness they tend;
But sinners, and the paths they tread,
Shall both in ruin end.

PSALM II.

WITH restless and ungovern'd rage
Why do the heathen storm?
Why in such rash attempts engage,
As they can ne'er perform?
2 The great in counsel and in might
Their various forces bring;
Against the Lord they all unite,
And his anointed king.
3 Must we submit to their commands?
Presumptuously they say:
No, let us break their slavish bands,
And cast their chains away.
4 But God, who sits enthron'd on high,
And sees how they combine,
Does their conspiring strength defy,
And mocks their vain design.
5 Thick clouds of wrath divine shall break
On his rebellious foes;
And thus will he in thunder speak
To all that dare oppose:
6 Though madly you dispute my will,
The king that I ordain,
Whose throne is fix'd on Sion's hill,
Shall there securely reign.
7 Attend, O earth, whilst I declare
God's uncontroll'd decree;
Thou art my Son, this day my heir
Have I begotten thee.
8 Ask and receive thy full demands;
Thine shall the heathen be:
The utmost limits of the lands
Shall be possess'd by thee.
9 Thy threat'ning sceptre thou shalt shake,
And crush them every where;
As massy bars of iron break
The potter's brittle ware.
10 Learn then, ye princes; and give ear,
Ye judges of the earth;
11 Worship the Lord with holy fear;
Rejoice with awful mirth.
12 Appease the Son with due respect,
Your timely homage pay;
Lest he revenge the bold neglect,
Incens'd by your delay.
13 If but in part his anger rise,
Who can endure the flame?
Then blest are they whose hope relies
On his most holy Name.

PSALM III.

HOW many, Lord, of late are grown
The troublers of my peace!
And, as their numbers hourly rise,
So does their rage increase.
2 Insulting they my soul upbraid,
And him whom I adore;
The God in whom he trusts, say they,
Shall rescue him no more.
3 But thou, O Lord, art my defence;
On thee my hopes rely;
Thou art my glory, and shalt yet
Lift up my head on high.
4 Since whensoe'er in like distress
To God I made my pray'r,
He heard me from his holy hill,
Why should I now despair?
5 Guarded by him, I laid me down
My sweet repose to take;

For I through him securely sleep,
Through him in safety wake.
6 No force nor fury of my foes
My courage shall confound,
Were they as many hosts as men
That have beset me round.
7 Arise and save me, O my God,
Who oft hast own'd my cause,
And scatter'd oft these foes to me,
And to thy righteous laws.
8 Salvation to the Lord belongs,
He only can defend;
His blessing he extends to all
That on his pow'r depend.

PSALM IV.

O LORD, that art my righteous Judge,
To my complaint give ear:
Thou still redeem'st me from distress;
Have mercy, Lord, and hear.
2 How long will ye, O sons of men,
To blot my fame devise?
How long your vain designs pursue,
And spread malicious lies?
3 Consider, that the righteous man
Is God's peculiar choice;
And when to him I make my pray'r,
He always hears my voice.
4 Then stand in awe of his commands,
Flee ev'ry thing that's ill;
Commune in private with your hearts,
And bend them to his will.
5 The place of other sacrifice
Let righteousness supply;
And let your hope, securely fix'd,
On God alone rely.
6 While worldly minds impatient grow
More prosp'rous times to see,
Still let the glories of thy face
Shine brightly, Lord, on me.
7 So shall my heart o'erflow with joy,
More lasting and more true,
Than their's, who stores of corn and wine
Successively renew.
8 Then down in peace I'll lay my head,
And take my needful rest;
No other guard, O Lord, I crave,
Of thy defence possest.

PSALM V.

LORD, hear the voice of my complaint,
Accept my secret pray'r;
2 To thee alone, my King, my God,
Will I for help repair.
3 Thou in the morn my voice shalt hear;
And with the dawning day
To thee devoutly I'll look up,
To thee devoutly pray.
4 For thou the wrongs that I sustain
Canst never, Lord, approve;
Who from thy sacred dwelling-place
All evil dost remove.
5 Not long shall stubborn fools remain
Unpunish'd in thy view;
All such as act unrighteous things
Thy vengeance shall pursue.
6 The sland'ring tongue, O God of truth,
By thee shall be destroy'd,
Who hat'st alike the man in blood
And in deceit employ'd.
7 But when thy boundless grace shall me
To thy lov'd courts restore,
On thee I'll fix my longing eyes,
And humbly there adore.
8 Conduct me by thy righteous laws,
For watchful is my foe;
Therefore, O Lord, make plain the way
Wherein I ought to go.
9 Their mouth vents nothing but deceit,
Their heart is set on wrong;
Their throat is a devouring grave,
They flatter with their tongue.
10 By their own counsels let them fall,
Oppress'd with loads of sin;
For they against thy righteous laws
Have harden'd sinners been.
11 But let all those who trust in thee
With shouts their joy proclaim;
Let them rejoice whom thou preserv'st,
And all that love thy Name.
12 To righteous men the righteous Lord
His blessing will extend,
And with his favour all his saints,
As with a shield, defend.

PSALM VI.

THY dreadful anger, Lord, restrain,
And spare a wretch forlorn;
Correct me not in thy fierce wrath,
Too heavy to be borne.
2 Have mercy, Lord, for I grow faint,
Unable to endure
The anguish of my aching bones,
Which thou alone canst cure.
3 My tortur'd flesh distracts my mind,
And fills my soul with grief;
But, Lord, how long wilt thou delay
To grant me thy relief?
4 Thy wonted goodness, Lord, repeat,
And ease my troubled soul;
Lord, for thy wondrous mercy's sake
Vouchsafe to make me whole.
5 For after death no more can I
Thy glorious acts proclaim;
No pris'ner of the silent grave
Can magnify thy Name.
6 Quite tir'd with pain, with groaning faint,
No hope of ease I see;
The night, that quiets common griefs,
Is spent in tears by me.
7 My beauty fades, my sight grows dim,
My eyes with weakness close;
Old age o'ertakes me, whilst I think
On my insulting foes.
8 Depart, ye wicked; in my wrongs
Ye shall no more rejoice;

For God, I find, accepts my tears,
And listens to my voice.
9, 10 He hears and grants my humble pray'r;
And they that wish my fall,
Shall blush and rage to see that God
Protects me from them all.

PSALM VII.

O LORD my God, since I have plac'd
My trust alone in thee,
From all my persecutors' rage
Do thou deliver me.
2 To save me from my threat'ning foe,
Lord, interpose thy pow'r;
Lest, like a savage lion, he
My helpless soul devour.
3, 4 If I am guilty, or did e'er
Against his peace combine;
Nay, if I have not spar'd his life,
Who sought unjustly mine;
5 Let then to persecuting foes
My soul become a prey;
Let them to earth tread down my life,
In dust my honour lay.
6 Arise, and let thine anger, Lord,
In my defence engage;
Exalt thyself above my foes,
And their insulting rage:
Awake, awake, in my behalf,
The judgment to dispense,
Which thou hast righteously ordain'd
For injur'd innocence.
7 So to thy throne adoring crowds
Shall still for justice fly;
O therefore for their sakes resume
Thy judgment-seat on high.
8 Impartial Judge of all the world,
I trust my cause to thee;
According to my just deserts,
So let thy sentence be.
9 Let wicked arts and wicked men
Together be o'erthrown;
But guard the just, thou God, to whom
The hearts of both are known.
10, 11 God me protects, nor only me,
But all of upright heart;
And daily lays up wrath for those
Who from his laws depart.
12 If they persist, he whets his sword,
His bow stands ready bent;
13 E'en now, with swift destruction wing'd,
His pointed shafts are sent.
14 The plots are fruitless, which my foe
Unjustly did conceive;
15 The pit he digg'd for me has prov'd
His own untimely grave.
16 On his own head his spite returns,
Whilst I from harm am free;
On him the violence is fall'n
Which he design'd for me.
17 Therefore will I the righteous ways
Of Providence proclaim;
I'll sing the praise of God most high,
And celebrate his Name.

PSALM VIII.

O THOU, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy Name!
In heav'n thy wondrous acts are sung,
Nor fully reckon'd there;
2 And yet thou mak'st the infant tongue
Thy boundless praise declare.
Through thee the weak confound the strong,
And crush their haughty foes;
And so thou quell'st the wicked throng,
That thee and thine oppose.
3 When heav'n, thy beauteous work on high,
Employs my wond'ring sight;
The moon that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light;
4 What's man, (say I,) that, Lord, thou lov'st
To keep him in thy mind?
Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st
To them so wondrous kind?
5 Him next in pow'r thou didst create
To thy celestial train;
6 Ordain'd with dignity and state
O'er all thy works to reign.
7 They jointly own his pow'rful sway;
The beasts that prey or graze;
8 The bird that wings its airy way;
The fish that cuts the seas.
9 O thou, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy Name!

PSALM IX.

TO celebrate thy praise, O Lord,
I will my heart prepare;
To all the list'ning world thy works,
Thy wondrous works, declare.
2 The thought of them shall to my soul
Exalted pleasure bring;
Whilst to thy Name, O thou most High,
Triumphant praise I sing.
3 Thou mad'st my haughty foes to turn
Their backs in shameful flight;
Struck with thy presence, down they fell,
They perish'd at thy sight.
4 Against insulting foes, advanc'd,
Thou didst my cause maintain;
My right asserting from thy throne,
Where truth and justice reign.
5 The insolence of heathen pride
Thou hast reduc'd to shame;
Their wicked offspring quite destroy'd,
And blotted out their name.
6 Mistaken foes! your haughty threats
Are to a period come;
Our city stands, which you design'd
To make our common tomb.
7, 8 The Lord for ever lives, who has
His righteous throne prepar'd,

Impartial justice to dispense;
To punish or reward.
9 God is a constant sure defence
Against oppressing rage;
As troubles rise, his needful aids
In our behalf engage.

10 All those who have his goodness prov'd
Will in his truth confide;
Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man
That on his help relied.
11 Sing praises, therefore, to the Lord,
From Sion, his abode;
Proclaim his deeds, till all the world
Confess no other God.

THE SECOND PART.

12 WHEN he enquiry makes for blood,
He calls the poor to mind;
The injur'd humble man's complaint
Relief from him shall find.
13 Take pity on my troubles, Lord,
Which spiteful foes create,
Thou, that hast rescu'd me so oft
From death's devouring gate.

14 In Sion then I'll sing thy praise,
To all that love thy Name;
And with loud shouts of grateful joy
Thy saving pow'r proclaim.
15 Deep in the pit they digg'd for me
The heathen pride is laid;
Their guilty feet to their own snare
Are heedlessly betray'd.

16 Thus, by the just returns he makes,
The mighty Lord is known;
While wicked men by their own plots
Are shamefully o'erthrown.
17 No single sinner shall escape
By privacy obscur'd;
Nor nation from his just revenge
By numbers be secur'd.

18 His suff'ring saints, when most distress'd,
He ne'er forgets to aid;
Their expectation shall be crown'd,
Though for a time delay'd.
19 Arise, O Lord, assert thy pow'r,
And let not man o'ercome;
Descend to judgment, and pronounce
The guilty heathen's doom.

20 Strike terror through the nations round,
Till, by consenting fear,
They to each other and themselves
But mortal men appear.

PSALM X.

THY presence why withdraw'st thou, Lord?
Why hid'st thou now thy face,
When dismal times of deep distress
Call for thy wonted grace?
2 The wicked, swell'd with lawless pride,
Have made the poor their prey;
O let them fall by those designs
Which they for others lay!

3 For straight they triumph, if success
Their thriving crimes attend;
And sordid wretches, whom God hates,
Perversely they commend.
4 To own a pow'r above themselves
Their haughty pride disdains;
And therefore in their stubborn mind
No thought of God remains.

5 Oppressive methods they pursue,
And all their foes they slight;
Because thy judgments, unobserv'd,
Are far above their sight.
6 They fondly think their prosp'rous state
Shall unmolested be;
They think their vain designs shall thrive.
From all misfortune free.

7 Vain and deceitful is their speech,
With curses fill'd and lies;
By which the mischief of their heart
They study to disguise.
8 Near publick roads they lie conceal'd,
And all their art employ,
The innocent and poor at once
To rifle and destroy.

9 Not lions, couching in their dens,
Surprise their heedless prey
With greater cunning, or express
More savage rage than they.
10 Sometimes they act the harmless man,
And modest looks they wear;
That, so deceiv'd, the poor may less
Their sudden onset fear.

THE SECOND PART.

11 FOR God, they think, no notice takes
Of their unrighteous deeds;
He never minds the suff'ring poor,
Nor their oppression heeds.
12 But thou, O Lord, at length arise;
Stretch forth thy mighty arm;
And, by the greatness of thy pow'r,
Defend the poor from harm.

13 No longer let the wicked vaunt,
And proudly boasting say,
Tush, God regards not what we do;
He never will repay.
14 But sure thou seest, and all their deeds
Impartially dost try;
The orphan, therefore, and the poor
On thee for aid rely.

15 Defenceless let the wicked fall,
Of all their strength bereft;
Confound, O God, their dark designs,
Till no remains are left.
16 Assert thy just dominion, Lord,
Which shall for ever stand;
Thou, who the heathen didst expel
From this thy chosen land.

17 Thou dost the humble suppliants hear
That to thy throne repair;
Thou first prepar'st their hearts to pray,
And then accept'st their pray'r.

18 Thou in thy righteous judgment weigh'st
The fatherless and poor;
That so the tyrants of the earth
May persecute no more.

PSALM XI.

SINCE I have plac'd my trust in God,
A refuge always nigh,
Why should I, like a tim'rous bird,
To distant mountains fly?

2 Behold, the wicked bend their bow,
And ready fix their dart;
Lurking in ambush to destroy
The man of upright heart.

3 When once the firm assurance fails
Which publick faith imparts,
'Tis time for innocence to fly
From such deceitful arts.

4 The Lord hath both a temple here,
And righteous throne above;
Whence he surveys the sons of men,
And how their counsels move.

5 If God the righteous, whom he loves,
For trial does correct;
What must the sons of violence,
Whom he abhors, expect?

6 Snares, fire, and brimstone on their heads
Shall in one tempest show'r;
This dreadful mixture his revenge
Into their cup shall pour.

7 The righteous Lord will righteous deeds
With signal favour grace;
And to the upright man disclose
The brightness of his face.

PSALM XII.

SINCE godly men decay, O Lord,
Do thou my cause defend;
For scarce these wretched times afford
One just and faithful friend.

2 One neighbour now can scarce believe
What t'other doth impart:
With flatt'ring lips they all deceive,
And with a double heart.

3 But lips that with deceit abound
Can never prosper long;
God's righteous vengeance will confound
The proud blaspheming tongue.

4 In vain those foolish boasters say,
Our tongues are sure our own;
With doubtful words we will betray,
And be controll'd by none.

5 For God, who hears the suff'ring poor,
And their oppression knows,
Will soon arise and give them rest,
In spite of all their foes.

6 The word of God shall still abide,
And void of falsehood be,
As is the silver, sev'n times tried,
From drossy mixture free.

7 The promise of his aiding grace
Shall reach the purpos'd end;
His servants from this faithless race
He ever shall defend.

8 Then shall the wicked be perplex'd,
Nor know which way to fly;
When those, whom they despis'd and vex'd,
Shall be advanc'd on high.

PSALM XIII.

HOW long wilt thou forget me, Lord?
Must I for ever mourn?
How long wilt thou withdraw from me,
Oh! never to return?

2 How long shall anxious thoughts my soul,
And grief my heart oppress?
How long my enemies insult,
And I have no redress?

3 O hear, and to my longing eyes
Restore thy wonted light;
And suddenly, or I shall sleep
In everlasting night.

4 Restore me, lest they proudly boast
'Twas their own strength o'ercame;
Permit not them that vex my soul
To triumph in my shame.

5 Since I have always plac'd my trust
Beneath thy mercy's wing,
Thy saving health will come, and then
My heart with joy shall spring:

6 Then shall my song, with praise inspir'd,
To thee, my God, ascend;
Who to thy servant in distress
Such bounty didst extend.

PSALM XIV.

SURE wicked fools must needs suppose
That God is nothing but a name;
Corrupt and lewd their practice grows,
No breast is warm'd with holy flame.

2 The Lord look'd down from heav'n's high tow'r,
And all the sons of men did view,
To see if any own'd his pow'r,
If any truth or justice knew.

3 But all, he saw, were gone aside,
All were degen'rate grown and base;
None took religion for their guide,
Not one of all the sinful race.

4 But can these workers of deceit
Be all so dull and senseless grown,
That they like bread my people eat,
And God's almighty pow'r disown?

5 How will they tremble then for fear,
When his just wrath shall them o'ertake!
For to the righteous God is near,
And never will their cause forsake.

6 Ill men in vain with scorn expose
Those methods which the good pursue;
Since God a refuge is for those
Whom his just eyes with favour view.

7 Would he his saving pow'r employ
To break his people's servile band;
Then shouts of universal joy
Should loudly echo through the land.

PSALM XV.

LORD, who's the happy man that may
To thy blest courts repair?
Not, stranger-like, to visit them,
But to inhabit there?
2 'Tis he, whose every thought and deed
By rules of virtue moves;
Whose gen'rous tongue disdains to speak
The thing his heart disproves.

3 Who never did a slander forge
His neighbour's fame to wound;
Nor hearken to a false report,
By malice whisper'd round.
4 Who vice in all its pomp and pow'r
Can treat with just neglect;
And piety, though cloth'd in rags,
Religiously respect.

Who to his plighted vows and trust
Has ever firmly stood;
And, though he promise to his loss,
He makes his promise good.
5 Whose soul in usury disdains
His treasure to employ;
Whom no rewards can ever bribe
The guiltless to destroy.

The man, who by this steady course
Has happiness insur'd,
When earth's foundation shakes, shall stand,
By Providence secur'd.

PSALM XVI.

PROTECT me from my cruel foes,
And shield me, Lord, from harm,
Because my trust I still repose
On thy Almighty arm.
2 My soul all help but thine does slight,
All gods but thee disown;
Yet can no deeds of mine requite
The goodness thou hast shown.

3 But those that strictly virtuous are,
And love the thing that's right,
To favour always and prefer
Shall be my chief delight.
4 How shall their sorrows be increas'd,
Who other gods adore!
Their bloody off'rings I detest,
Their very names abhor.

5 My lot is fall'n in that blest land
Where God is truly known;
He fills my cup with lib'ral hand;
'Tis he supports my throne.
6 In nature's most delightful scene
My happy portion lies;
The place of my appointed reign
All other lands outvies.

7 Therefore my soul shall bless the Lord,
Whose precepts give me light,
And private counsel still afford
In sorrow's dismal night.
8 I strive each action to approve
To his all-seeing eye;
No danger shall my hopes remove,
Because he still is nigh.

9 Therefore my heart all grief defies,
My glory does rejoice;
My flesh shall rest in hope to rise,
Wak'd by his pow'rful voice,
10 Thou, Lord, when I resign my breath,
My soul from hell shalt free;
Nor let thy Holy One in death
The least corruption see.

11 Thou shalt the paths of life display,
That to thy presence lead;
Where pleasures dwell without allay,
And joys that never fade.

PSALM XVII.

TO my just plea and sad complaint,
Attend, O righteous Lord,
And to my pray'r, as 'tis unfeign'd,
A gracious ear afford.
2 As in thy sight I am approv'd,
So let my sentence be;
And with impartial eyes, O Lord,
My upright dealing see.

3 For thou hast search'd my heart by day,
And visited by night;
And on the strictest trial found
Its secret motions right.
Nor shall thy justice, Lord, alone
My heart's designs acquit;
For I have purpos'd that my tongue
Shall no offence commit.

4 I know what wicked men would do
Their safety to maintain;
But me thy just and mild commands
From bloody paths restrain.
5 That I may still, in spite of wrongs,
My innocence secure,
O guide me in thy righteous ways,
And make my footsteps sure.

6 Since heretofore I ne'er in vain
To thee my pray'r addrest;
O now, my God, incline thine ear
To this my just request.
7 The wonders of thy truth and love
In my defence engage;
Thou, whose right hand preserves thy saints
From their oppressors' rage.

THE SECOND PART.

8, 9 O KEEP me in thy tend'rest care;
Thy shelt'ring wings stretch out,
To guard me safe from savage foes,
That compass me about.
10 O'ergrown with luxury, inclos'd
In their own fat they lie;
And with a proud blaspheming mouth
Both God and man defy.

11 Well may they boast, for they have now
My paths encompass'd round:
With eyes at watch, and bodies bow'd,
And couching on the ground;
12 In posture of a lion set,
When greedy of his prey,
Or a young lion, when he lurks
Within a covert way.

13 Arise, O Lord, defeat their plots,
Their swelling rage control;
From wicked men, who are thy sword,
Deliver thou my soul:
14 From worldly men, thy sharpest scourge,
Whose portion's here below;
Who, fill'd with earthly stores, desire
No other bliss to know.
15 Their race is num'rous that partake
Their substance while they live;
Their heirs survive, to whom they may
The vast remainder give.
16 But I, in uprightness, thy face
Shall view without control;
And, waking, shall its image find
Reflected in my soul.

PSALM XVIII.

NO change of times shall ever shock
My firm affection, Lord, to thee;
For thou hast always been my rock,
A fortress and defence to me.
2 Thou my deliv'rer art, my God,
My trust is in thy mighty pow'r:
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
At home my safeguard and my tow'r.
3 To thee I will address my pray'r,
To whom all praise we justly owe;
So shall I, by thy watchful care,
Be guarded from my treach'rous foe.
4, 5 By floods of wicked men distress'd,
With seas of sorrow compass'd round;
With dire infernal pangs oppress'd,
In death's unwieldy fetters bound.
6 To heaven I made my mournful pray'r,
To God address'd my humble moan;
Who graciously inclin'd his ear,
And heard me from his lofty throne.

THE SECOND PART.

7 WHEN God arose my part to take,
The conscious earth was struck with fear;
The hills did at his presence shake,
Nor could his dreadful fury bear.
8 Thick clouds of smoke dispers'd abroad,
Ensigns of wrath before him came;
Devouring fire around him glow'd,
That coals were kindled at its flame.
9 He left the beauteous realms of light,
Whilst heav'n bow'd down its awful head,
Beneath his feet substantial night
Was like a sable carpet spread.
10 The chariot of the King of kings,
Which active troops of angels drew,
On a strong tempest's rapid wings,
With most amazing swiftness flew.
11, 12 Black wat'ry mists and clouds conspir'd
With thickest shades his face to vail;
But at his brightness soon retir'd,
And fell in show'rs of fire and hail.
13 Through heav'n's wide arch a thund'ring peal
God's angry voice did loudly roar;
While earth's sad face with heaps of hail,
And flakes of fire was cover'd o'er.
14 His sharpen'd arrows round he threw,
Which made his scatter'd foes retreat;
Like darts his nimble lightnings flew,
And quickly finish'd their defeat.
15 The deep its secret stores disclos'd,
The world's foundations naked lay;
By his avenging wrath expos'd,
Which fiercely rag'd that dreadful day.

THE THIRD PART.

16 THE Lord did on my side engage,
From heav'n, his throne, my cause upheld;
And snatch'd me from the furious rage
Of threat'ning waves that proudly swell'd.
17 God his resistless pow'r employ'd,
My strongest foes' attempts to break;
Who else with ease had soon destroy'd;
The weak defence that I could make.
18 Their subtil rage had near prevail'd,
When I distress'd and friendless lay;
But still, when other succours fail'd,
God was my firm support and stay.
19 From dangers that enclos'd me round,
He brought me forth and set me free;
For some just cause his goodness found,
That mov'd him to delight in me.
20 Because in me no guilt remains,
God does his gracious help extend;
My hands are free from bloody stains,
Therefore the Lord is still my friend.
21, 22 For I his judgments kept in sight,
In his just paths I always trod;
I never did his statutes slight,
Nor loosely wander'd from my God.
23, 24 But still my soul, sincere and pure,
Did e'en from darling sins refrain;
His favours, therefore, yet endure,
Because my heart and hands are clean.

THE FOURTH PART.

25, 26 THOU suit'st, O Lord, thy righteous ways
To various paths of human kind;
They, who for mercy merit praise,
With thee shall wondrous mercy find.
Thou to the just shalt justice show,
The pure thy purity shall see;
Such as perversely choose to go,
Shall meet with due returns from thee.
27, 28 That he the humble soul will save,
And crush the haughty's boasted might,
In me the Lord an instance gave,
Whose darkness he has turn'd to light.
29 On his firm succour I relied,
And did o'er num'rous foes prevail;
Nor fear'd, whilst he was on my side,
The best defended walls to scale.
30 For God's designs shall still succeed;
His word will bear the utmost test:
He's a strong shield to all that need,
And on his sure protection rest.

31 Who then deserves to be ador'd,
But God, on whom my hopes depend?
Or who, except the mighty Lord,
Can with resistless pow'r defend?

THE FIFTH PART.

32, 33 'TIS God that girds my armour on,
And all my just designs fulfils;
Through him my feet can swiftly run,
And nimbly climb the steepest hills.
34 Lessons of war from him I take,
And manly weapons learn to wield;
Strong bows of steel with ease I break,
Forc'd by my stronger arms to yield.

35 The buckler of his saving health
Protects me from assaulting foes;
His hand sustains me still, my wealth
And greatness from his bounty flows.
36 My goings he enlarg'd abroad,
Till then to narrow paths confin'd;
And, when in slippery ways I trod,
The method of my steps design'd.

37 Through him I num'rous hosts defeat,
And flying squadrons captive take;
Nor from my fierce pursuit retreat,
Till I a final conquest make.
38 Cover'd with wounds, in vain they try
Their vanquish'd heads again to rear;
Spite of their boasted strength they lie
Beneath my feet, and grovel there.

39 God, when fresh armies take the field,
Recruits my strength, my courage warms;
He makes my strong opposers yield,
Subdu'd by my prevailing arms.
40 Through him the necks of prostrate foes
My conqu'ring feet in triumph press:
Aided by him, I root out those
Who hate and envy my success.

41 With loud complaints all friends they tried,
But none was able to defend;
At length to God for help they cried,
But God would no assistance lend.
42 Like flying dust which winds pursue,
Their broken troops I scatter'd round,
Their slaughter'd bodies forth I threw,
Like loathsome dirt that clogs the ground.

THE SIXTH PART.

43 OUR factious tribes, at strife till now,
By God's appointment me obey;
The heathen to my sceptre bow,
And foreign nations own my sway.
44 Remotest realms their homage send,
When my successful name they hear;
Strangers for my commands attend,
Charm'd with respect, or aw'd by fear.

45 All to my summons tamely yield,
Or soon in battle are dismay'd;
For stronger holds they quit the field,
And still in strongest holds afraid.
46 Let the eternal Lord be prais'd,
The Rock on whose defence I rest;
O'er highest heav'ns his Name be rais'd,
Who me with his salvation blest.

47 'Tis God that still supports my right,
His just revenge my foes pursues;
'Tis he that with resistless might
Fierce nations to my yoke subdues.
48 My universal safeguard he,
From whom my lasting honours flow;
He made me great, and set me free
From my remorseless bloody foe.

49 Therefore to celebrate his fame
My grateful voice to heav'n I'll raise;
And nations, strangers to his Name,
Shall thus be taught to sing his praise:
50 "God to his king deliv'rance sends,
"Shews his anointed signal grace;
"His mercy evermore extends
"To David and his promis'd race."

PSALM XIX.

THE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord,
Which that alone can fill;
The firmament and stars express
Their great Creator's skill.
2 The dawn of each returning day
Fresh beams of knowledge brings;
And from the dark returns of night
Divine instruction springs.

3 Their pow'rful language to no realm
Or region is confin'd;
'Tis nature's voice, and understood
Alike by all mankind.
4 Their doctrine does its sacred sense
Through earth's extent display;
Whose bright contents the circling sun
Does round the world convey.

5 No bridegroom on his nuptial day
Has such a cheerful face;
No giant does like him rejoice
To run his glorious race.
6 From east to west, from west to east,
His restless course he goes;
And through his progress cheerful light
And vital warmth bestows.

THE SECOND PART.

7 GOD's perfect law converts the soul,
Reclaims from false desires;
With sacred wisdom his sure word
The ignorant inspires.
8 The statutes of the Lord are just,
And bring sincere delight;
His pure commands, in search of truth,
Assist the feeblest sight.

9 His perfect worship here is fix'd,
On sure foundations laid;
His equal laws are in the scales
Of truth and justice weigh'd.
10 Of more esteem than golden mines,
Or gold refin'd with skill;
More sweet than honey, or the drops
That from the comb distil.

11 My trusty counsellors they are,
And friendly warnings give;
Divine rewards attend on those
Who by thy precepts live.
12 But what frail man observes how oft
He does from virtue fall?
O cleanse me from my secret faults,
Thou God that know'st them all!
13 Let no presumptuous sin, O Lord,
Dominion have o'er me;
That, by thy grace preserv'd, I may
The great transgression flee.
14 So shall my prayer and praises be
With thy acceptance blest;
And I secure on thy defence,
My strength and saviour, rest.

PSALM XX.

THE Lord to thy request attend,
And hear thee in distress;
The Name of Jacob's God defend,
And grant thy arms success.
2 To aid thee from on high repair,
And strength from Sion give;
3 Remember all thy off'rings there,
Thy sacrifice receive.
4 To compass thy own heart's desire,
Thy counsels still direct;
Make kindly all events conspire
To bring them to effect.
5 To thy salvation, Lord, for aid
We cheerfully repair,
With banners in thy Name display'd,
"The Lord accept thy pray'r."
6 Our hopes are fix'd, that now the Lord
Our sov'reign will defend;
From heaven resistless aid afford,
And to his pray'r attend.
7 Some trust in steeds for war design'd,
On chariots some rely;
Against them all we'll call to mind
The pow'r of God most high.
8 But from their steeds and chariots thrown,
Behold them through the plain,
Disorder'd, broke, and trampled down,
Whilst firm our troops remain.
9 Still save us, Lord, and still proceed
Our rightful cause to bless;
Hear, King of heav'n, in times of need,
The pray'rs that we address.

PSALM XXI.

THE king, O Lord, with songs of praise
Shall in thy strength rejoice;
With thy salvation crown'd, shall raise
To heav'n his cheerful voice.
2 For thou, whate'er his lips request,
Not only dost impart;
But hast with thy acceptance blest
The wishes of his heart.
3 Thy goodness and thy tender care
Have all his hopes outgone;
A crown of gold thou mak'st him wear,
And sett'st it firmly on.
4 He pray'd for life, and thou, O Lord,
Didst to his pray'r attend;
And graciously to him afford
A life that ne'er shall end.
5 Thy sure defence through nations round
Has spread his glorious name;
And his successful actions crown'd
With majesty and fame.
6 Eternal blessings thou bestow'st,
And mak'st his joys increase;
Whilst thou to him unclouded show'st
The brightness of thy face.

THE SECOND PART.

7 BECAUSE the king on God alone
For timely aid relies;
His mercy still supports his throne,
And all his wants supplies.
8 But, righteous Lord, thy stubborn foes
Shall feel thy dreadful hand;
Thy vengeful arm shall find out those
That hate thy mild command.
9 When thou against them dost engage,
Thy just but dreadful doom
Shall, like a glowing oven's rage,
Their hopes and them consume.
10 Nor shall thy furious anger cease,
Or with their ruin end;
But root out all their guilty race,
And to their seed extend.
11 For all their thoughts were set on ill,
Their hearts on malice bent;
But thou, with watchful care, did'st still
The ill effects prevent.
12 While they their swift retreat shall make
To 'scape thy dreadful might,
Thy swifter arrows shall o'ertake,
And gall them in their flight.
13 Thus, Lord, thy wondrous strength disclose,
And thus exalt thy fame;
Whilst we glad songs of praise compose
To thy almighty Name.

PSALM XXII.

MY God, my God, why leav'st thou me
When I with anguish faint?
O why so far from me remov'd,
And from my loud complaint?
2 All day, but all the day unheard,
To thee do I complain;
With cries implore relief all night,
But cry all night in vain.
3 Yet thou art still the righteous Judge
Of innocence oppress'd;
And therefore Israel's praises are
Of right to thee address'd.
4, 5 On thee our ancestors relied,
And thy deliv'rance found;
With pious confidence they pray'd,
And with success were crown'd.
6 But I am treated like a worm,
Like none of human birth;

Not only by the great revil'd,
But made the rabble's mirth.
7 With laughter all the gazing crowd
My agonies survey;
They shoot the lip, they shake the head,
And thus derilding say:

8 "In God he trusted, boasting oft
"That he was Heaven's delight;
"Let God come down to save him now,
"And own his favourite."

THE SECOND PART.

9 THOU mad'st my mother's teeming womb
A living offspring bear;
When but a suckling at the breast
I was thy early care.
10 Thou, guardian-like, didst shield from wrongs
My helpless infant days;
And since hast been my God and guide
Through life's bewilder'd ways.

11 Withdraw not then so far from me,
When trouble is so nigh;
O send me help! thy help, on which
I only can rely.

12 High pamper'd bulls, a frowning herd,
From Basan's forest met,
With strength proportion'd to their rage,
Have me around beset.

13 They gape on me, and ev'ry mouth
A yawning grave appears;
The desert lion's savage roar
Less dreadful is than their's.

THE THIRD PART.

14 MY blood's like water spill'd, my joints
Are rack'd and out of frame;
My heart dissolves within my breast,
Like wax before the flame.
15 My strength like potter's earth is parch'd,
My tongue cleaves to my jaws;
And to the silent shades of death
My fainting soul withdraws.

16 Like blood-hounds, to surround me, they
In pack'd assemblies meet;
They pierc'd my inoffensive hands,
They pierc'd my harmless feet.
17 My body's rack'd, till all my bones
Distinctly may be told:
Yet such a spectacle of woe
As pastime they behold.

18 As spoil, my garments they divide,
Lots for my vesture cast:
19 Therefore approach, O Lord, my strength,
And to my succour haste.
20 From their sharp sword protect thou me,
Of all but life bereft;
Nor let my darling in the pow'r
Of cruel dogs be left.

21 To save me from the lion's jaws
Thy present succour send;
As once from goring unicorns
Thou didst my life defend.
22 Then to my brethren I'll declare
The triumphs of thy Name,
In presence of assembled saints
Thy glory thus proclaim.

23 "Ye worshippers of Jacob's God,
"All you of Israel's line,
"O praise the Lord, and to your praise
"Sincere obedience join.
24 "He ne'er disdain'd on low distress
"To cast a gracious eye;
"Nor turn'd from poverty his face,
"But hears its humble cry."

THE FOURTH PART.

25 THUS in thy sacred courts will I
My cheerful thanks express;
In presence of thy saints perform
The vows of my distress.
26 The meek companions of my grief
Shall find my table spread;
And all that seek the Lord shall be
With joys immortal fed.

27 Then shall the glad converted world
To God their homage pay;
And scatter'd nations of the earth
One sov'reign Lord obey.
28 'Tis his supreme prerogative
O'er subject kings to reign;
'Tis just that he should rule the world,
Who does the world sustain.

29 The rich, who are with plenty fed,
His bounty must confess;
The sons of want, by him reliev'd,
Their gen'rous patron bless.
With humble worship to his throne
They all for aid resort;
That pow'r, which first their beings gave,
Can only them support.

30, 31 Then shall a chosen spotless race,
Devoted to his Name,
To their admiring heirs his truth
And glorious acts proclaim.

PSALM XXIII.

THE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
Vouchsafes to be my guide;
The shepherd, by whose constant care
My wants are all supplied.
2 In tender grass he makes me feed,
And gently there repose;
Then leads me to cool shades, and where
Refreshing water flows.

3 He does my wand'ring soul reclaim,
And, to his endless praise,
Instruct with humble zeal to walk
In his most righteous ways.
4 I pass the gloomy vale of death,
From fear and danger free;
For there his aiding rod and staff
Defend and comfort me.

5 In presence of my spiteful foes
He does my table spread;

He crowns my cup with cheerful wine,
With oil anoints my head.
6 Since God does thus his wondrous love
Through all my life extend,
That life to him I will devote,
And in his temple spend.

PSALM XXIV.

THIS spacious earth is all the Lord's,
The Lord her fulness is;
The world, and they that dwell therein,
By sov'reign right are his.
2 He fram'd and fix'd it on the seas,
And his Almighty hand
Upon inconstant floods has made
The stable fabrick stand.

3 But for himself the Lord of all
One chosen seat design'd;
O who shall to that sacred hill
Desir'd admittance find?
4 The man whose hands and heart are pure,
Whose thoughts from pride are free;
Who honest poverty prefers
To gainful perjury.

5 This, this is he, on whom the Lord
Shall show'r his blessings down,
Whom God his Saviour shall vouchsafe
With righteousness to crown.
6 Such is the race of saints, by whom
The sacred courts are trod;
And such the proselytes that seek
The face of Jacob's God.

7 Erect your heads, eternal gates,
Unfold to entertain
The King of glory; see, he comes
With his celestial train.
8 Who is this King of glory? who?
The Lord for strength renown'd;
In battle mighty, o'er his foes
Eternal victor crown'd.

9 Erect your heads, ye gates, unfold
In state to entertain
The King of glory; see, he comes
With all his shining train.
10 Who is this King of glory? who?
The Lord of hosts renown'd;
Of glory he alone is King,
Who is with glory crown'd.

PSALM XXV.

TO God, in whom I trust,
I lift my heart and voice;
2 O let me not be put to shame,
Nor let my foes rejoice.
3 Those who on thee rely,
Let no disgrace attend;
Be that the shameful lot of such
As wilfully offend.

4, 5 To me thy truth impart,
And lead me in thy way;
For thou art he that brings me help,
On thee I wait all day.
6 Thy mercies and thy love,
O Lord, recall to mind;
And graciously continue still,
As thou wert ever, kind.

7 Let all my youthful crimes
Be blotted out by thee;
And, for thy wondrous goodness' sake,
In mercy think on me.
8 His mercy and his truth
The righteous Lord displays,
In bringing wand'ring sinners home,
And teaching them his ways.

9 He those in justice guides
Who his direction seek;
And in his sacred paths shall lead
The humble and the meek.
10 Through all the ways of God
Both truth and mercy shine,
To such as with religious hearts
To his blest will incline.

THE SECOND PART.

11 SINCE mercy is the grace
That most exalts thy fame,
Forgive my heinous sin, O Lord,
And so advance thy Name.
12 Whoe'er with humble fear
To God his duty pays,
Shall find the Lord a faithful guide
In all his righteous ways.

13 His quiet soul with peace
Shall be for ever blest,
And by his num'rous race the land
Successively possest.
14 For God to all his saints
His secret will imparts,
And does his gracious cov'nant write
In their obedient hearts.

15 To him I lift my eyes,
And wait his timely aid,
Who breaks the strong and treach'rous snare,
Which for my feet was laid.
16 O turn, and all my griefs,
In mercy, Lord, redress;
For I am compass'd round with woes,
And plung'd in deep distress.

17 The sorrows of my heart
To mighty sums increase;
O from this dark and dismal state
My troubled soul release!
18 Do thou with tender eyes
My sad affliction see;
Acquit me, Lord, and from my guilt
Entirely set me free.

19 Consider, Lord, my foes,
How vast their numbers grow;
What lawless force and rage they use,
What boundless hate they show.
20 Protect and set my soul
From their fierce malice free;
Nor let me be asham'd, who place
My steadfast trust in thee.

21 Let all my righteous acts
To full perfection rise,
Because my firm and constant hope
On thee alone relies.

22 To Israel's chosen race
Continue ever kind;
And in the midst of all their wants
Let them thy succour find.

PSALM XXVI.

JUDGE me, O Lord, for I the paths
Of righteousness have trod;
I cannot fail, who ail my trust
Repose on thee, my God.
2, 3 Search thou my heart, whose innocence
Will shine the more 'tis tried;
For I have kept thy grace in view,
And made thy truth my guide.
4 I never for companions took
The idle or profane;
No hypocrite, with all his arts,
Could e'er my friendship gain.
5 I hate the busy plotting crew,
Who make distracted times;
And shun their wicked company,
As I avoid their crimes.
6 I'll wash my hands in innocence,
And bring a heart so pure,
That when thy altar I approach,
My welcome shall secure.
7, 8 My thanks I'll publish there, and tell
How thy renown excels;
That seat affords me most delight,
In which thy honour dwells.
9 Pass not on me the sinners' doom,
Who murder make their trade;
10 Who others' rights, by secret bribes,
Or open force, invade.
11 But I will walk in paths of truth,
And innocence pursue:
Protect me, therefore, and to me
Thy mercies, Lord, renew.
12 In spite of all assaulting foes
I still maintain my ground;
And shall survive amongst thy saints,
Thy praises to resound.

PSALM XXVII.

WHOM should I fear, since God to me
Is saving health and light?
Since strongly he my life supports,
What can my soul affright?
2 With fierce intent my flesh to tear,
When foes beset me round,
They stumbled, and their lofty crests
Were made to strike the ground.
3 Through him my heart, undaunted, dares
With mighty hosts to cope;
Through him, in doubtful straits of war,
For good success I hope.
4 Henceforth within his house to dwell
I earnestly desire.
His wondrous beauty there to view,
And of his will enquire.
5 For there may I with comfort rest,
In times of deep distress;
And safe, as on a rock, abide
In that secure recess;
6 Whilst God o'er all my haughty foes
My lofty head shall raise;
And I my joyful tribute bring,
With grateful songs of praise.

THE SECOND PART.

7 CONTINUE, Lord, to hear my voice,
Whene'er to thee I cry;
In mercy my complaints receive,
Nor my request deny.
8 When us to seek thy glorious face
Thou kindly dost advise;
"Thy glorious face I'll always seek,"
My grateful heart replies.
9 Then hide not thou thy face, O Lord,
Nor me in wrath reject;
My God and Saviour, leave not him
Thou didst so oft protect.
10 Though all my friends and kindred too
Their helpless charge forsake,
Yet thou, whose love excels them all,
Wilt care and pity take.
11 Instruct me in thy paths, O Lord,
My ways directly guide;
Lest envious men, who watch my steps,
Should see me tread aside.
12 Lord, disappoint my cruel foes,
Defeat their ill desire,
Whose lying lips and bloody hands
Against my peace conspire.
13 I trusted that my future life
Should with thy love be crown'd,
Or else my fainting soul had sunk,
With sorrow compass'd round.
14 God's time with patient faith expect,
Who will inspire thy breast
With inward strength; do thou thy part,
And leave to him the rest.

PSALM XXVIII.

O LORD, my Rock, to thee I cry,
In sighs consume my breath;
O answer, or I shall become
Like those that sleep in death.
2 Regard my supplication, Lord,
The cries that I repeat,
With weeping eyes and lifted hands,
Before thy mercy seat.
3 Let me escape the sinners' doom,
Who make a trade of ill;
And ever speak the person fair
Whose blood they mean to spill.
4 According to their crimes' extent
Let justice have its course;
Relentless be to them, as they
Have sinn'd without remorse.
5 Since they the works of God despise,
Nor will his grace adore;
His wrath shall utterly destroy,
And build them up no more.
6 But I, with due acknowledgment,
His praises will resound,
From whom the cries of my distress
A gracious answer found.

7 My heart its confidence repos'd
In God, my strength and shield;
In him I trusted, and return'd
Triumphant from the field.
As he hath made my joys complete,
'Tis just that I should raise
The cheerful tribute of my thanks,
And thus resound his praise:

8 "His aiding pow'r supports the troops
"That my just cause maintain:
"'Twas he advanc'd me to the throne,
"'Tis he secures my reign."

9 Preserve thy chosen, and proceed
Thine heritage to bless;
With plenty prosper them in peace;
In battle with success.

PSALM XXIX.

YE princes that in might excel,
Your grateful sacrifice prepare;
God's glorious actions loudly tell,
His wondrous pow'r to all declare.

2 To his great Name fresh altars raise,
Devoutly due respect afford;
Him in his holy temple praise,
Where he's with solemn state ador'd.

3 'Tis he that with amazing noise
The wat'ry clouds in sunder breaks;
The ocean trembles at his voice,
When he from heaven in thunder speaks.

4, 5 How full of pow'r his voice appears!
With what majestick terror crown'd!
Which from their roots tall cedars tears,
And strews their scatter'd branches round.

6 They, and the hills on which they grow,
Are sometimes hurried far away;
And leap like hinds that bounding go,
Or unicorns in youthful play.

7, 8 When God in thunder loudly speaks,
And scatter'd flames of light'ning sends,
The forest nods, the desert quakes,
And stubborn Kadesh lowly bends.

9 He makes the hinds to cast their young,
And lays the beasts' dark coverts bare;
While those that to his courts belong
Securely sing his praises there.

10, 11 God rules the angry floods on high;
His boundless sway shall never cease;
His saints with strength he will supply,
And bless his own with constant peace.

PSALM XXX.

I'LL celebrate thy praises, Lord,
Who didst thy pow'r employ
To raise my drooping head, and check
My foes' insulting joy.

2, 3 In my distress I cried to thee,
Who kindly didst relieve,
And from the grave's expecting jaws
My hopeless life retrieve.

4 Thus to his courts, ye saints of his,
With songs of praise repair,
With me commemorate his truth,
And providential care.

5 His wrath has but a moment's reign,
His favour no decay;
Your night of grief is recompens'd
With joy's returning day.

6 But I in prosp'rous days presum'd;
No sudden change I fear'd,
Whilst in my sunshine of success
No low'ring cloud appear'd.

7 But soon I found thy favour, Lord,
My empire's only trust;
For when thou hid'st thy face, I saw
My honour laid in dust.

8 Then, as I vainly had presum'd,
My error I confess'd;
And thus, with supplicating voice,
Thy mercy's throne address'd:

9 "What profit is there in my blood
"Congeal'd by death's cold night?
"Can silent ashes speak thy praise,
"Thy wondrous truth recite?

10 "Hear me, O Lord; in mercy, hear:
"Thy wonted aid extend;
"Do thou send help, on whom alone
"I can for help depend."

11 'Tis done! Thou hast my mournful scene
To songs and dances turn'd;
Invested me with robes of state,
Who late in sackcloth mourn'd.

12 Exalted thus, I'll gladly sing
Thy praise in grateful verse;
And, as thy favours endless are,
Thy endless praise rehearse.

PSALM XXXI.

DEFEND me, Lord, from shame,
For still I trust in thee;
As just and righteous is thy Name,
From danger set me free.

2 Bow down thy gracious ear,
And speedy succour send;
Do thou my steadfast Rock appear,
To shelter and defend.

3 Since thou, when foes oppress,
My rock and fortress art,
To guide me forth from this distress
Thy wonted help impart.

4 Release me from the snare
Which they have closely laid,
Since I, O God my strength, repair
To thee alone for aid.

5 To thee, the God of truth,
My life, and all that's mine,
(For thou preserv'dst me from my youth,)
I willingly resign.

6 All vain designs I hate
Of those that trust in lies;
And still my soul in ev'ry state
To God for succour flies.

THE SECOND PART.

7 THOSE mercies thou hast shown
I'll cheerfully express;
For thou hast seen my straits, and known
My soul in deep distress.
8 When Keilah's treach'rous race
Did all my strength inclose,
Thou gav'st my feet a larger space
To shun my watchful foes.

9 Thy mercy, Lord, display,
And hear my just complaint;
For both my soul and flesh decay,
With grief and hunger faint.
10 Sad thoughts my life oppress;
My years are spent in groans;
My sins have made my strength decrease,
And e'en consum'd my bones.

11 My foes my suff'rings mock'd,
My neighbours did upbraid;
My friends, at sight of me, were shock'd,
And fled as men dismay'd.
12 Forsook by all am I,
As dead and out of mind;
And like a shatter'd vessel lie,
Whose parts can ne'er be join'd.

13 Yet sland'ring words they speak,
And seem my pow'r to dread;
Whilst they together counsel take
My guiltless blood to shed.
14 But still my steadfast trust
I on thy help repose;
That thou, my God, art good and just,
My soul with comfort knows.

THE THIRD PART.

15 WHATE'ER events betide,
Thy wisdom times them all;
Then, Lord, thy servant safely hide
From those that seek his fall.
16 The brightness of thy face
To me, O Lord, disclose;
And, as thy mercies still increase,
Preserve me from my foes.

17 Me from dishonour save,
Who still have call'd on thee;
Let that, and silence in the grave,
The sinner's portion be.
18 Do thou their tongues restrain,
Whose breath in lies is spent;
Who false reports, with proud disdain,
Against the righteous vent.

19 How great thy mercies are
To such as fear thy Name,
Which thou, for those that trust thy care,
Dost to the world proclaim!
20 Thou keep'st them in thy sight,
From proud oppressors free;
From tongues that do in strife delight
They are preserv'd by thee.

21 With glory and renown
God's name be ever bless'd;
Whose love in Keilah's well-fenc'd town
Was wondrously express'd.
22 I said, in hasty flight,
"I'm banish'd from thine eyes;"
Yet still thou kept'st me in thy sight,
And heard'st my earnest cries.
23 O all ye saints, the Lord
With eager love pursue;
Who to the just will help afford,
And give the proud their due.
24 Ye that on God rely,
Courageously proceed:
For he will still your hearts supply
With strength in time of need.

PSALM XXXII.

HE's blest whose sins have pardon gain'd.
No more in judgment to appear;
2 Whose guilt remission has obtain'd,
And whose repentance is sincere.
3 While I conceal'd the fretting sore,
My bones consum'd without relief;
All day did I with anguish roar,
But no complaint asswag'd my grief.

4 Heavy on me thy hand remain'd,
By day and night alike distress'd;
Till quite of vital moisture drain'd,
Like land with summer's drought oppress'd.
5 No sooner I my wound disclos'd,
The guilt that tortur'd me within,
But thy forgiveness interpos'd,
And mercy's healing balm pour'd in.

6 True penitents shall thus succeed,
Who seek thee whilst thou may'st be found;
And from the common deluge freed,
Shall see remorseless sinners drown'd.
7 Thy favour, Lord, in all distress,
My tow'r of refuge I must own;
Thou shalt my haughty foes suppress,
And me with songs of triumph crown.

8 In my instruction then confide,
You that would truth's safe path descry;
Your progress I'll securely guide,
And keep you in my watchful eye.
9 Submit yourselves to wisdom's rule,
Like men that reason have attain'd;
Not like th' ungovern'd horse and mule,
Whose fury must be curb'd and rein'd.

10 Sorrows on sorrows multiplied
The harden'd sinner shall confound,
But them who in his truth confide,
Blessings of mercy shall surround.
11 His saints that have perform'd his laws
Their life in triumph shall employ;
Let them, as they alone have cause,
In grateful raptures shout for joy.

PSALM XXXIII.

LET all the just to God with joy
Their cheerful voices raise,
For well the righteous it becomes
To sing glad songs of praise.
2, 3 Let harps, and psalteries, and lutes,
In joyful concert meet.
And new-made songs of loud applause
The harmony complete.

4, 5 For faithful is the word of God,
His works with truth abound;
He justice loves, and all the earth
Is with his goodness crown'd.
6 By his Almighty word at first
The heavenly arch was rear'd,
And all the beauteous hosts of light
At his command appear'd.
7 The swelling floods, together roll'd,
He makes in heaps to lie;
And lays, as in a storehouse, safe,
The wat'ry treasures by.
8, 9 Let earth, and all that dwell therein,
Before him trembling stand;
For when he spake the word 'twas made,
'Twas fix'd at his command.
10 He, when the heathen closely plot,
Their counsels undermines;
His wisdom ineffectual makes
The people's rash designs.
11 Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees
Shall stand for ever sure;
The settled purpose of his heart
To ages shall endure.

THE SECOND PART.

12 HOW happy then are they, to whom
The Lord for God is known;
Whom he from all the world besides
Has chosen for his own!
13, 14, 15 He all the nations of the earth
From heav'n, his throne, survey'd;
He saw their works and view'd their thoughts,
By him their hearts were made.
16, 17 No king is safe by num'rous hosts,
Their strength the strong deceives;
No manag'd horse, by force or speed,
His warlike rider saves.
18, 19 'Tis God, who those that trust in him
Beholds with gracious eyes;
He frees their soul from death, their want
In time of dearth supplies.
20, 21 Our soul on God with patience waits,
Our help and shield is he;
Then, Lord, let still our hearts rejoice,
Because we trust in thee.
22 The riches of thy mercy, Lord,
Do thou to us extend;
Since we for all we want or wish
On thee alone depend.

PSALM XXXIV.

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
2 Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
Till all that are distrest
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.
3 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his Name;
4 When in distress to him I call'd,
He to my rescue came.
5 Their drooping hearts were soon refresh'd,
Who look'd to him for aid;
Desir'd success in ev'ry face
A cheerful air display'd.
6 "Behold," say they, "behold the man
"Whom Providence reliev'd;
"The man so dang'rously beset,
"So wondrously retriev'd."
7 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliv'rance he affords to all
Who on his succour trust.
8 O make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide,
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.
9 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight,
Your wants shall be his care.
10 While hungry lions lack their prey,
The Lord will food provide
For such as put their trust in him,
And see their wants supplied.

THE SECOND PART.

11 APPROACH, ye piously dispos'd,
And my instruction hear:
I'll teach you the true discipline
Of his religious fear.
12 Let him, who length of life desires,
And prosp'rous days would see,
13 From sland'ring language keep his tongue,
His lips from falsehood free.
14 The crooked paths of vice decline,
And virtue's ways pursue;
Establish peace where 'tis begun,
And where 'tis lost, renew.
15 The Lord from heaven beholds the just
With favourable eyes;
And, when distress'd, his gracious ear
Is open to their cries:
16 But turns his wrathful look on those
Whom mercy can't reclaim,
To cut them off, and from the earth
Blot out their hated name.
17 Deliv'rance to his saints he gives,
When his relief they crave;
18 He's nigh to heal the broken heart,
And contrite spirit save.
19 The wicked oft, but still in vain,
Against the just conspire;
20 For under their affliction's weight
He keeps their bones entire.
21 The wicked from their wicked arts
Their ruin shall derive;
Whilst righteous men, whom they detest,
Shall them and their's survive.
22 For God preserves the souls of those
Who on his truth depend,
To them and their posterity
His blessings shall descend.

PSALM XXXV.

AGAINST all those that strive with me,
O Lord, assert my right;
With such as war unjustly wage
Do thou my battles fight.
2 Thy buckler take, and bind thy shield
Upon thy warlike arm;
Stand up, my God, in my defence,
And keep me safe from harm.
3 Bring forth thy spear, and stop their course,
That haste my blood to spill;
Say to my soul, "I am thy health,
"And will preserve thee still."
4 Let them with shame be cover'd o'er,
Who my destruction sought;
And such as did my harm devise
Be to confusion brought.
5 Then shall they fly, dispers'd like chaff
Before the driving wind;
God's vengeful minister of wrath
Shall follow close behind.
6 And when through dark and slipp'ry ways
They strive his rage to shun,
His vengeful minister of wrath
Shall goad them as they run.
7 Since, unprovok'd by any wrong,
They hid their treach'rous snare;
And for my harmless soul a pit
Did without cause prepare:
8 Surpris'd by mischiefs unforeseen,
By their own arts betray'd,
Their feet shall fall into the net
Which they for me had laid.
9 Whilst my glad soul shall God's great Name
For this deliv'rance bless,
And, by his saving health secur'd,
Its grateful joy express;
10 My very bones shall say, O Lord,
Who can compare with thee,
Who sett'st the poor and helpless man
From strong oppressors free?

THE SECOND PART.

11 FALSE witnesses, with forg'd complaints,
Against my truth combin'd;
And to my charge such things they laid
As I had ne'er design'd.
12 The good which I to them had done,
With evil they repaid;
And did, by malice undeserv'd,
My harmless life invade.
13 But as for me, when they were sick,
I still in sackcloth mourn'd;
I pray'd and fasted, and my pray'r
To my own breast return'd.
14 Had they my friends or brethren been,
I could have done no more;
Nor with more decent signs of grief
A mother's loss deplore.
15 How diff'rent did their carriage prove
In times of my distress;
When they, in crowds together met,
Did savage joy express.
The rabble too, in num'rous throngs,
By their example came,
And ceas'd not, with reviling words,
To wound my spotless fame.
16 Scoffers, that noble tables haunt,
And earn their bread with lies,
Did gnash their teeth, and sland'ring jests
Maliciously devise.
17 But, Lord, how long wilt thou look on?
On my behalf appear:
And save my guiltless soul, which they,
Like rav'ning beasts, would tear.

THE THIRD PART.

18 SO I, before the list'ning world,
Shall grateful thanks express;
And, where the great assembly meets,
Thy Name with praises bless.
19 Lord, suffer not my causeless foes,
Who me unjustly hate,
With open joy, or secret signs,
To mock my sad estate.
20 For they, with hearts averse from peace,
Industriously devise
Against the men of quiet minds
To forge malicious lies.
21 Nor with these private arts content,
Aloud they vent their spite;
And say, "At last we found him out,
"He did it in our sight."
22 But thou, who dost both them and me
With righteous eyes survey,
Assert my innocence, O Lord,
And keep not far away.
23 Stir up thyself in my behalf;
To judgment, Lord, awake;
Thy righteous servant's cause, O God,
To thy decision take.
24 Lord, as my heart has upright been,
Let me thy justice find;
Nor let my cruel foes obtain
The triumph they design'd.
25 O let them not amongst themselves
In boasting language say,
"At length our wishes are complete,
"At last he's made our prey."
26 Let such as in my harm rejoic'd
For shame their faces hide;
And foul dishonour wait on those
That proudly me defied:
27 Whilst they with cheerful voices shout,
Who my just cause befriend;
And bless the Lord, who loves to make
Success his saints attend.
28 So shall my tongue thy judgments sing,
Inspir'd with grateful joy,
And cheerful hymns in praise of thee
Shall all my days employ.

PSALM XXXVI.

MY crafty foe, with flatt'ring art,
His wicked purpose would disguise;
But reason whispers to my heart,
He ne'er sets God before his eyes.
2 He soothes himself, retir'd from sight,
Secure he thinks his treach'rous game;
Till his dark plots, expos'd to light,
Their false contriver brand with shame.
3 In deeds he is my foe confest,
Whilst with his tongue he speaks me fair;
True wisdom's banish'd from his breast,
And vice has sole dominion there.
4 His wakeful malice spends the night
In forging his accurs'd designs;
His obstinate ungen'rous spite
No execrable means declines.
5 But, Lord, thy mercy, my sure hope,
Above the heav'nly orb ascends;
Thy sacred truth's unmeasur'd scope
Beyond the spreading sky extends.
6 Thy justice, like the hills, remains;
Unfathom'd depths thy judgments are;
Thy providence the world sustains;
The whole creation is thy care.
7 Since of thy goodness all partake,
With what assurance should the just
Thy shelt'ring wings their refuge make,
And saints to thy protection trust.
8 Such guests shall to thy courts be led
To banquet on thy love's repast;
And drink, as from a fountain's head,
Of joys that shall for ever last.
9 With thee the springs of life remain;
Thy presence is eternal day:
10 O let thy saints thy favour gain;
To upright hearts thy truth display.
11 Whilst pride's insulting foot would spurn,
And wicked hands my life surprise;
12 Their mischiefs on themselves return;
Down, down they're fall'n, no more to rise.

PSALM XXXVII.

THOUGH wicked men grow rich or great,
Yet let not their successful state
Thy anger or thy envy raise:
2 For they, cut down like tender grass,
Or like young flowers, away shall pass,
Whose blooming beauty soon decays.
3 Depend on God, and him obey;
So thou within the land shalt stay,
Secure from danger and from want:
4 Make his commands thy chief delight;
And he, thy duty to requite,
Shall all thy earnest wishes grant.
5 In all thy ways trust thou the Lord,
And he will needful help afford
To perfect ev'ry just design:
6 He'll make, like light, serene and clear,
Thy clouded innocence appear,
And as a midday sun to shine.
7 With quiet mind on God depend,
And patiently for him attend;
Nor let thy anger fondly rise:
Though wicked men with wealth abound,
And with success the plots are crown'd,
Which they maliciously devise.
8 From anger cease, and wrath forsake;
Let no ungovern'd passion make
Thy wav'ring heart espouse their crime:
9 For God shall sinful men destroy;
Whilst only they the land enjoy,
Who trust on him, and wait his time.
10 How soon shall wicked men decay!
Their place shall vanish quite away,
Nor by the strictest search be found;
11 Whilst humble souls possess the earth,
Rejoicing still with godly mirth,
With peace and plenty always crown'd.

THE SECOND PART.

12 WHILE sinful crowds, with false design,
Against the righteous few combine,
And gnash their teeth, and threat'ning stand;
13 God shall their empty plots deride,
And laugh at their defeated pride;
He sees their ruin near at hand.
14 They draw the sword, and bend the bow,
The poor and needy to o'erthrow,
And men of upright lives to slay;
15 But their strong bows shall soon be broke,
Their sharpen'd weapon's mortal stroke
Through their own hearts shall force its way.
16 A little, with God's favour bless'd,
That's by one righteous man possess'd,
The wealth of many bad excels:
17 For God supports the just man's cause,
But as for those that break his laws,
Their unsuccessful pow'r he quells.
18 His constant care the upright guides,
And over all their life presides;
Their portion shall for ever last:
19 They, when distress o'erwhelms the earth,
Shall be unmov'd, and e'en in dearth
The happy fruits of plenty taste.
20 Not so the wicked men, and those
Who proudly dare God's will oppose;
Destruction is their hapless share:
Like fat of lambs, their hopes and they
Shall in an instant melt away,
And vanish into smoke and air.

THE THIRD PART.

21 WHILE sinners, brought to sad decay,
Still borrow on and never pay,
The just have will and pow'r to give;

22 For such as God vouchsafes to bless,
Shall peaceably the earth possess;
And those he curses shall not live.

23 The good man's way is God's delight,
He orders all the steps aright
Of him that moves by his command;
24 Though he sometimes may be distress'd,
Yet shall he ne'er be quite oppress'd,
For God upholds him with his hand.

25 From my first youth, till age prevail'd,
I never saw the righteous fail'd,
Or want o'ertake his num'rous race;
26 Because compassion fill'd his heart,
And he did cheerfully impart,
God made his offspring's wealth increase.

27 With caution shun each wicked deed,
In virtue's ways with zeal proceed,
And so prolong your happy days:
28 For God, who judgment loves, does still
Preserve his saints secure from ill,
While soon the wicked race decays.

29, 30, 31 The upright shall possess the land,
His portion shall for ages stand;
His mouth with wisdom is supplied;
His tongue by rules of judgment moves,
His heart the law of God approves,
Therefore his footsteps never slide.

THE FOURTH PART.

32 IN wait the watchful sinner lies,
In vain the righteous to surprise;
In vain his ruin doth decree:
33 God will not him defenceless leave,
To his revenge expos'd, but save;
And, when he's sentenc'd, set him free.

34 Wait still on God, keep his command,
And thou, exalted in the land,
Thy bless'd possession ne'er shall quit:
The wicked soon destroy'd shall be,
And, at his dismal tragedy,
Thou shalt a safe spectator sit.

35 The wicked I in pow'r have seen,
And, like a bay-tree, fresh and green,
That spreads its pleasant branches round;
36 But he was gone as swift as thought,
And, though in ev'ry place I sought,
No sign or track of him I found.

37 Observe the perfect man with care,
And mark all such as upright are;
Their roughest days in peace shall end:
38 While on the latter end of those,
Who dare God's sacred will oppose,
A common ruin shall attend.

39 God to the just will aid afford,
Their only safeguard is the Lord:
Their strength in time of need is he:
40 Because on him they still depend,
The Lord will timely succour send,
And from the wicked set them free.

PSALM XXXVIII.

THY chast'ning wrath, O Lord, restrain,
Though I deserve it all;
Nor let at once on me the storm
Of thy displeasure fall.
2 In ev'ry wretched part of me
Thy arrows deep remain;
Thy heavy hand's afflicting weight
I can no more sustain.

3 My flesh is one continued wound,
Thy wrath so fiercely glows;
Betwixt my punishment and guilt
My bones have no repose.
4 My sins, that to a deluge swell,
My sinking head o'erflow,
And for my feeble strength to bear
Too vast a burden grow.

5 Stench and corruption fill my wounds,
My folly's just return;
6 With trouble I am warp'd and bow'd,
And all day long I mourn.
7 A loath'd disease afflicts my loins,
Infecting ev'ry part;
8 With sickness worn, I groan and roar,
Through anguish of my heart.

THE SECOND PART.

9 BUT, Lord, before thy searching eyes
All my desires appear;
And sure my groans have been too loud
Not to have reach'd thine ear.
10 My heart's opprest, my strength's decay'd.
My eyes depriv'd of light; [cay'd.
11 Friends, lovers, kinsmen, gaze aloof
On such a dismal sight.

12 Meanwhile the foes that seek my life,
Their snares to take me set;
Vent slanders, and contrive all day
To forge some new deceit.
13 But I, as if both deaf and dumb,
Nor heard, nor once replied,
14 Quite deaf and dumb, like one whose tongue
With conscious guilt is tied.

15 For, Lord, to thee I do appeal,
My innocence to clear;
Assur'd that thou, the righteous God,
My injur'd cause wilt hear.
16 "Hear me," said I, "lest my proud foes
"A spiteful joy display,
"Insulting if they see my foot
"But once to go astray."

17 And, with continual grief opprest,
To sink I now begin:
18 To thee, O Lord, I will confess,
To thee bewail my sin.
19 But whilst I languish, my proud foes
Their strength and vigour boast;

And they that hate me without cause
Are grown a dreadful host.
20 E'en they, whom I oblig'd, return
My kindness with despite;
And are my enemies, because
I choose the path that's right.
21 Forsake me not, O Lord my God,
Nor far from me depart;
22 Make haste to my relief, O thou,
Who my salvation art.

PSALM XXXIX.

RESOLV'D to watch o'er all my ways,
I kept my tongue in awe;
I curb'd my hasty words when I
The wicked prosp'rous saw.
2 Like one that's dumb I silent stood,
And did my tongue refrain
From good discourse; but that restraint
Increas'd my inward pain.
3 My heart did glow with working thoughts,
And no repose could take,
Till strong reflection fann'd the fire,
And thus at length I spake:
4 Lord, let me know my term of days,
How soon my life will end;
The num'rous train of ills disclose,
Which this frail state attend.
5 My life, thou know'st, is but a span,
A cypher sums my years;
And ev'ry man, in best estate,
But vanity appears.
6 Man like a shadow vainly walks,
With fruitless cares oppress'd;
He heaps up wealth, but cannot tell
By whom 'twill be possess'd.
7 Why then should I on worthless toys
With anxious care attend?
On thee alone my steadfast hope
Shall ever, Lord, depend.
8, 9 Forgive my sins, nor let me scorn'd
By foolish sinners be;
For I was dumb, and murmur'd not,
Because 'twas done by thee.
10 The dreadful burden of thy wrath
In mercy soon remove;
Lest my frail flesh too weak to bear
The heavy load should prove.
11 For when thou chasten'st man for sin
Thou mak'st his beauty fade,
(So vain a thing is he,) like cloth
By fretting moths decay'd.
12 Lord, hear my cry, accept my tears,
And listen to my pray'r;
Who sojourn like a stranger here,
As all my fathers were.
13 O spare me yet a little time,
My wasted strength restore;
Before I vanish quite from hence,
And shall be seen no more.

PSALM XL.

I WAITED meekly for the Lord,
Till he vouchsaf'd a kind reply;
Who did his gracious ear afford,
And heard from heav'n my humble cry.
2 He took me from the dismal pit,
When founder'd deep in miry clay;
On solid ground he plac'd my feet,
And suffer'd not my steps to stray.
3 The wonders he for me has wrought
Shall fill my mouth with songs of praise;
And others, to his worship brought,
To hopes of like deliv'rance raise.
4 For blessings shall that man reward,
Who on th' Almighty Lord relies;
Who treats the proud with disregard,
And hates the hypocrite's disguise.
5 Who can the wondrous works recount,
Which thou, O God, for us hast wrought!
The treasures of thy love surmount
The pow'r of numbers, speech, and thought.
6 I've learnt, that thou hast not desir'd
Off'rings and sacrifice alone;
Nor blood of guiltless beasts requir'd
For man's transgression to atone.
7 I therefore come—come to fulfil
The oracles thy books impart:
8 'Tis my delight to do thy will;
Thy law is written in my heart.

THE SECOND PART.

9 IN full assemblies I have told
Thy truth and righteousness at large;
Nor did, thou know'st, my lips withhold
From utt'ring what thou gav'st in charge.
10 Nor kept within my breast confin'd
Thy faithfulness and saving grace;
But preach'd thy love, for all design'd,
That all might that and truth embrace.
11 Then let those mercies I declar'd
To others, Lord, extend to me;
Thy lovingkindness my reward,
Thy truth my safe protection be.
12 For I with troubles am distress'd,
Too numberless for me to bear;
Nor less with loads of guilt oppress'd,
That plunge and sink me to despair.
As soon, alas, may I recount
The hairs on this afflicted head:
My vanquish'd courage they surmount,
And fill my drooping soul with dread.

THE THIRD PART.

13 BUT, Lord, to my relief draw near,
For never was more pressing need;
In my deliv'rance, Lord, appear,
And add to that deliv'rance speed.
14 Confusion on their heads return,
Who to destroy my soul combine;
Let them, defeated, blush and mourn,
Ensnar'd in their own vile design.
15 Their doom let desolation be,
With shame their malice be repaid,
Who mock'd my confidence in thee,
And sport of my affliction made:
16 While those, who humbly seek thy face,
To joyful triumphs shall be rais'd;

And all who prize thy saving grace
With me resound, The Lord be prais'd.

17 Thus, wretched though I am and poor,
Of me th' Almighty Lord takes care;
Thou, God, who only canst restore,
To my relief with speed repair.

PSALM XLI.

HAPPY the man whose tender care
Relieves the poor distrest;
When troubles compass him around,
The Lord shall give him rest.

2 The Lord his life, with blessings crown'd,
In safety shall prolong;
And disappoint the will of those
That seek to do him wrong.

3 If he, in languishing estate,
Oppress'd with sickness lie;
The Lord will easy make his bed,
And inward strength supply.

4 Secure of this, to thee, my God,
I thus my pray'r address'd:
"Lord, for thy mercy, heal my soul,
"Though I have much transgress'd."

5 My cruel foes, with sland'rous words,
Attempt to wound my fame;
"When shall he die, (say they) and men
"Forget his very name?"

6 Suppose they formal visits make,
'Tis all but empty show,
They gather mischief in their hearts,
And vent it where they go.

7, 8 With private whispers such as these
To hurt me they devise:
"A sore disease afflicts him now,
"He's fall'n no more to rise."

9 My own familiar bosom friend,
On whom I most relied,
Has me, whose daily guest he was,
With open scorn defied.

10 But thou my sad and wretched state
In mercy, Lord, regard;
And raise me up, that all their crimes
May meet their just reward.

11 By this I know thy gracious ear
Is open when I call;
Because thou suff'rest not my foes
To triumph in my fall.

12 Thy tender care secures my life
From danger and disgrace;
And thou vouchsaf'st to set me still
Before thy glorious face.

13 Let therefore Israel's Lord and God
From age to age be bless'd;
And all the people's glad applause
With loud Amens express'd.

PSALM XLII.

AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase:
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

2 For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine:
O when shall I behold thy face,
Thou majesty divine!

3 Tears are my constant food, while thus
Insulting foes upbraid:
"Deluded wretch! where's now thy God?
"And where his promis'd aid?"

4 I sigh whene'er my musing thoughts
Those happy days present,
When I with troops of pious friends
Thy temple did frequent:

When I advanc'd with songs of praise
My solemn vows to pay,
And led the joyful sacred throng,
That kept the festal day.

5 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God, who will employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

6 My soul's cast down, O God, but thinks
On thee and Sion still;
From Jordan's bank, from Hermon's heights,
And Mizar's humbler hill.

7 One trouble calls another on,
And, gath'ring o'er my head,
Fall spouting down, till round my soul
A roaring sea is spread.

8 But when thy presence, Lord of life,
Has once dispell'd this storm,
To thee I'll midnight anthems sing,
And all my vows perform.

9 God of my strength, how long shall I,
Like one forgotten, mourn?
Forlorn, forsaken, and expos'd
To my oppressor's scorn.

10 My heart is pierc'd, as with a sword,
Whilst thus my foes upbraid:
"Vain boaster, where is now thy God?
"And where his promis'd aid?"

11 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

PSALM XLIII.

JUST Judge of heav'n, against my foes
Do thou assert my injur'd right;
O set me free, my God, from those
That in deceit and wrong delight.

2 Since thou art still my only stay,
Why leav'st thou me in deep distress?
Why go I mourning all the day,
Whilst me insulting foes oppress?

3 Let me with light and truth be blest,
Be these my guides, to lead the way,
Till on thy holy hill I rest,
And in thy sacred temple pray.

4 Then will I there fresh altars raise
To God, who is my only joy;
And well-tun'd harps, with songs of praise
Shall all my grateful hours employ.

5 Why then cast down, my soul? and why
So much oppress'd with anxious care?
On God, thy God, for aid rely,
Who will thy ruin'd state repair.

PSALM XLIV.

O LORD, our fathers oft have told
In our attentive ears,
Thy wonders in their days perform'd,
And elder times than their's:
2 How thou, to plant them here, didst drive
The heathen from this land;
Dispeopled by repeated strokes
Of thy avenging hand.
3 For not their courage, nor their sword,
To them possession gave;
Nor strength, that from unequal force
Their fainting troops could save:
But thy right hand and powerful arm,
Whose succour they implor'd;
Thy presence with the chosen race,
Who thy great Name ador'd.
4 As thee their God our fathers own'd,
Thou art our sov'reign King;
O therefore, as thou didst to them,
To us deliv'rance bring.
5 Through thy victorious Name our arms
The proudest foes shall quell,
And crush them with repeated strokes,
As oft as they rebel.
6 I'll neither trust my bow nor sword,
When I in fight engage;
7 But thee, who hast our foes subdu'd,
And sham'd their spiteful rage.
8 To thee the triumph we ascribe,
From whom the conquest came;
In God we will rejoice all day,
And ever bless his Name.

THE SECOND PART.

9 BUT thou hast cast us off, and now
Most shamefully we yield;
For thou no more vouchsaf'st to lead
Our armies to the field.
10 Since when, to ev'ry upstart foe
We turn our backs in fight;
And with our spoil their malice feast,
Who bear us ancient spite.
11 To slaughter doom'd, we fall like sheep
Into their butch'ring hands;
Or (what's more wretched yet) survive,
Dispers'd through heathen lands.
12 Thy people thou hast sold for slaves,
And set their price so low,
That not thy treasure by the sale,
But their disgrace, may grow.
13, 14 Reproach'd by all the nations round,
The heathen's by-word grown,
Whose scorn of us is both in speech
And mocking gestures shown.
15 Confusion strikes me blind, my face
In conscious shame I hide,
16 While we are scoff'd, and God blas-
By their licentious pride. [phem'd,

THE THIRD PART.

17 ON us this heap of woes is fall'n,
All this we have endur'd;
Yet have not, Lord, renounc'd thy Name,
Or faith to thee abjur'd.
18 But in thy righteous paths have kept
Our hearts and steps with care;
19 Though thou hast broken all our strength,
And we almost despair.
20 Could we, forgetting thy great Name,
On other gods rely,
21 And not the Searcher of all hearts
The treach'rous crime descry?
22 Thou see'st what suff'rings for thy sake
We ev'ry day sustain;
All slaughter'd, or reserv'd like sheep
Appointed to be slain.
23 Awake, arise; let seeming sleep
No longer thee detain;
Nor let us, Lord, who sue to thee,
For ever sue in vain.
24 O wherefore hidest thou thy face
From our afflicted state;
25 Whose souls and bodies sink to earth,
With grief's oppressive weight.
26 Arise, O Lord, and timely haste
To our deliv'rance make;
Redeem us, Lord,—if not for our's,
Yet for thy mercy's sake.

PSALM XLV.

WHILE I the King's loud praise rehearse,
Indited by my heart,
My tongue is like the pen of him
That writes with ready art.
2 How matchless is thy form, O King!
Thy mouth with grace o'erflows;
Because fresh blessings God on thee
Eternally bestows.
3 Gird on thy sword, most mighty Prince,
And, clad in rich array,
With glorious ornaments of pow'r
Majestic pomp display.
4 Ride on in state, and still protect
The meek, the just, and true;
Whilst thy right hand with swift revenge
Does all thy foes pursue.
5 How sharp thy weapons are to them
That dare thy pow'r despise!
Down, down they fall, while through their heart
The feather'd arrow flies.
6 But thy firm throne, O God, is fix'd
For ever to endure;
Thy sceptre's sway shall always last,
By righteous laws secure.
7 Because thy heart, by justice led,
Did upright ways approve,
And hated still the crooked paths
Where wand'ring sinners rove:
Therefore did God, thy God, on thee
The oil of gladness shed;
And hath, above thy fellows round,
Advanc'd thy lofty head.
8 With cassia, aloes, and myrrh,
Thy royal robes abound;
Which, from the stately wardrobe brought,
Spread grateful odours round.

9 Among the honourable train
Did princely virgins wait;
The queen was placed at thy right hand
In golden robes of state.

THE SECOND PART.

10 BUT thou, O royal bride, give ear,
And to my words attend;
Forget thy native country now,
And ev'ry former friend.
11 So shall thy beauty charm the king;
Nor shall his love decay:
For he is now become thy Lord;
To him due rev'rence pay.
12 The Tyrian matrons, rich and proud,
Shall humble presents make;
And all the wealthy nations sue
Thy favour to partake.
13 The King's fair daughter's fairer soul
All inward graces fill;
Her raiment is of purest gold,
Adorn'd with costly skill.
14 She, in her nuptial garments drest,
With needles richly wrought,
Attended by her virgin train,
Shall to the King be brought.
15 With all the state of solemn joy
The triumph moves along,
Till with wide gates the royal court
Receives the pompous throng.
16 Thou, in thy royal father's room,
Must princely sons expect;
Whom thou to diff'rent realms may'st send
To govern and protect.
17 Whilst this my song to future times
Transmits thy glorious Name;
And makes the world, with one consent,
Thy lasting praise proclaim.

PSALM XLVI.

GOD is our refuge in distress,
A present help when dangers press;
In him undaunted we'll confide:
2, 3 Though earth were from her centre tost,
And mountains in the ocean lost,
Torn piece-meal by the roaring tide.
4 A gentler stream with gladness still
The city of our Lord shall fill,
The royal seat of God most high:
5 God dwells in Sion, whose fair tow'rs
Shall mock th' assaults of earthly pow'rs,
While his almighty aid is nigh.
6 In tumults, when the heathen rag'd,
And kingdoms war against us wag'd,
He thunder'd, and dispers'd their pow'rs:
7 The Lord of hosts conducts our arms,
Our tow'r of refuge in alarms,
Our fathers' guardian God and ours.
8 Come, see the wonders he hath wrought,
On earth what desolation brought;
How he has calm'd the jarring world:
9 He broke the warlike spear and bow;
With them their thund'ring chariots too
Into devouring flames were hurl'd.
10 Submit to God's almighty sway,
For him the heathen shall obey,
And earth her sov'reign Lord confess:
11 The God of hosts conducts our arms,
Our tow'r of refuge in alarms,
As to our fathers in distress.

PSALM XLVII.

1, 2 O ALL ye people, clap your hands,
And with triumphant voices sing;
No force the mighty pow'r withstands
Of God, the universal King.
3, 4 He shall opposing nations quell,
And with success our battles fight;
Shall fix the place where we must dwell,
The pride of Jacob, his delight.
5, 6 God is gone up, our Lord and King,
With shouts of joy and trumpet's sound;
To him repeated praises sing,
And let the cheerful song go round.
7, 8 Your utmost skill in praise be shown,
For him, who all the world commands;
Who sits upon his righteous throne,
And spreads his sway o'er heathen lands.
9 Our chiefs and tribes, that far from hence
To serve the God of Abr'am came,
Found him their constant sure defence:
How great and glorious is his Name!

PSALM XLVIII.

THE Lord, the only God, is great,
And greatly to be prais'd
In Sion, on whose happy mount
His sacred throne is rais'd.
2 Her tow'rs, the joy of all the earth,
With beauteous prospect rise;
On her north side th' Almighty King's
Imperial city lies.
3 God in her palaces is known;
His presence is her guard:
4 Confed'rate kings withdrew their siege,
And of success despair'd.
5 They view'd her walls, admir'd and fled,
With grief and terror struck;
6 Like women whom the sudden pangs
Of travail had o'ertook.
7 No wretched crew of mariners
Appear like them forlorn,
When fleets from Tarshish' wealthy coasts
By eastern winds are torn.
8 In Sion we have seen perform'd
A work that was foretold;
In pledge that God, for times to come,
His city will uphold.
9 Not in our fortresses and walls
Did we, O God, confide;
But on the temple fix'd our hopes,
In which thou dost reside.
10 According to thy sov'reign Name,
Thy praise through earth extends;

Thy pow'rful arm, as justice guides,
Chastises or defends.
11 Let Sion's mount with joy resound,
Her daughters all be taught
In songs his judgments to extol,
Who this deliv'rance wrought.
12 Compass her walls in solemn pomp,
Your eyes quite round her cast;
Count all her tow'rs, and see if there
You find one stone displac'd.
13 Her forts and palaces survey,
Observe their order well;
That with assurance to your heirs
This wonder you may tell.
14 This God is our's, and will be our's,
Whilst we in him confide;
Who as he has preserv'd us now,
Till death will be our guide.

PSALM XLIX.

1, 2 LET all the list'ning world attend,
And my instruction hear;
Let high and low, and rich and poor,
With joint consent give ear.
3 My mouth, with sacred wisdom fill'd,
Shall good advice impart,
The sound result of prudent thoughts,
Digested in my heart.
4 To parables of weighty sense
I will my ear incline;
Whilst to my tuneful harp I sing
Dark words of deep design.
5 Why should my courage fail in times
Of danger and of doubt?
When sinners, that would me supplant,
Have compass'd me about?
6 Those men that all their hope and trust
In heaps of treasure place,
And boast and triumph, when they see
Their ill-got wealth increase,
7 Are yet unable from the grave
Their dearest friend to free;
Nor can by force or bribes reverse
Th' Almighty Lord's decree.
8, 9 Their vain endeavours they must quit;
The price is held too high:
No sums can purchase such a grant,
That man should never die.
10 Not wisdom can the wise exempt,
Nor fools their folly save;
But both must perish, and in death
Their wealth to others leave.
11 For though they think their stately seats
Shall ne'er to ruin fall;
But their remembrance last in lands
Which by their names they call:
12 Yet shall their fame be soon forgot,
How great soe'er their state;
With beasts their memory and they
Shall share one common fate.

THE SECOND PART.

13 HOW great their folly is, who thus
Absurd conclusions make!
And yet their children, unreclaim'd,
Repeat the gross mistake.
14 They all, like sheep to slaughter led,
The prey of death are made;
Their beauty, while the just rejoice,
Within the grave shall fade.
15 But God will yet redeem my soul,
And from the greedy grave
His greater pow'r shall set me free,
And to himself receive.
16 Then fear not thou, when worldly men
In envied wealth abound,
Nor though their prosp'rous house increase,
With state and honour crown'd.
17 For when they're summon'd hence by death,
They leave all this behind;
No shadow of their former pomp
Within the grave they find:
18 And yet they thought their state was bless'd,
Caught in the flatt'rer's snare,
Who with their vanity complied,
And prais'd their worldly care.
19 In their forefathers' steps they tread;
And when, like them, they die,
Their wretched ancestors and they
In endless darkness lie.
20 For man, how great soe'er his state,
Unless he's truly wise,
As like a sensual beast he lives,
So like a beast he dies.

PSALM L.

1, 2 THE Lord hath spoke, the mighty God
Hath sent his summons all abroad;
From dawning light, till day declines:
The list'ning earth his voice hath heard,
And he from Sion hath appear'd,
Where beauty in perfection shines.
3, 4 Our God shall come, and keep no more
Misconstru'd silence, as before;
But wasting flames before him send:
Around shall tempests fiercely rage,
While he does heav'n and earth engage
His just tribunal to attend.
5, 6 Assemble all my saints to me,
(Thus runs the great divine decree,)
That in my lasting cov'nant live;
And off'rings bring with constant care:
The heav'ns his justice shall declare,
For God himself shall sentence give.
7 Attend, my people; Israel, hear;
Thy strong accuser I'll appear;
Thy God, thy only God, am I:
8 'Tis not of off'rings I complain,
Which, daily in my temples slain,
My sacred altar did supply.
9 Will this alone atonement make?
No bullock from thy stall I'll take,
Nor he-goat from thy fold accept
10 The forest beasts that range alone,
The cattle too are all my own,
That on a thousand hills are kept.

11 I know the fowls, that build their nests
In craggy rocks; and savage beasts,
That loosely haunt the open fields:
12 If seiz'd with hunger I could be,
I need not seek relief from thee,
Since the world's mine, and all it yields.
13 Think'st thou that I have any need
On slaughter'd bulls and goats to feed;
To eat their flesh and drink their blood?
14 The sacrifices I require,
Are hearts which love and zeal inspire,
And vows with strictest care made good.
15 In time of trouble call on me,
And I will set thee safe and free,
And thou returns of praise shalt make:
16 But to the wicked thus saith God,
How dar'st thou teach my laws abroad,
Or in thy mouth my cov'nant take?
17 For stubborn thou, confirm'd in sin,
Hast proof against instruction been,
And of my word didst lightly speak;
18 When thou a subtle thief didst see,
Thou gladly didst with him agree,
And with adult'rers didst partake.
19 Vile slander is thy chief delight,
Thy tongue, by envy mov'd and spite,
Deceitful tales doth hourly spread:
20 Thou dost with hateful scandals wound
Thy brother, and with lies confound
The offspring of thy mother's bed.
21 These things didst thou, whom still I strove
To gain with silence and with love;
Till thou didst wickedly surmise,
That I was such a one as thou:
But I'll reprove and shame thee now,
And set thy sins before thine eyes.
22 Mark this, ye wicked fools, lest I
Let all my bolts of vengeance fly,
Whilst none shall dare your cause to own.
23 Who praises me, due honour gives;
And to the man that justly lives,
My strong salvation shall be shown.

PSALM LI.

HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,
As thou wert ever kind;
Let me, opprest with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted mercy find.
2, 3 Wash off my foul offence,
And cleanse me from my sin;
For I confess my crime, and see
How great my guilt has been.
4 Against thee, Lord, alone,
And only in thy sight,
Have I transgress'd, and, though condemn'd,
Must own thy judgments right.
5 In guilt each part was form'd
Of all this sinful frame;
In guilt I was conceiv'd, and born
The heir of sin and shame.
6 Yet thou, whose searching eye
Doth inward truth require,
In secret didst with wisdom's laws
My tender soul inspire.
7 With hyssop purge me, Lord,
And so I clean shall be;
I shall with snow in whiteness vie,
When purified by thee.
8 Make me to hear with joy
Thy kind forgiving voice;
That so the bones which thou hast broke
May with fresh strength rejoice.
9, 10 Blot out my crying sins,
Nor me in anger view;
Create in me a heart that's clean,
An upright mind renew.

THE SECOND PART.

11 WITHDRAW not thou thy help,
Nor cast me from thy sight;
Nor let thy holy Spirit take
Its everlasting flight.
12 The joy thy favour gives
Let me again obtain;
And thy free Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.
13 So I thy righteous ways
To sinners will impart,
Whilst my advice shall wicked men
To thy just laws convert.
14 My guilt of blood remove,
My Saviour and my God;
And my glad tongue shall loudly tell
Thy righteous acts abroad.
15 Do thou unlock my lips,
With sorrow clos'd and shame;
So shall my mouth thy wondrous praise
To all the world proclaim.
16 Could sacrifice atone,
Whole flocks and herds should die;
But on such off'rings thou disdain'st
To cast a gracious eye.
17 A broken spirit is
By God most highly priz'd;
By him a broken contrite heart
Shall never be despis'd.
18 Let Sion favour find,
Of thy good will assur'd;
And thy own city flourish long,
By lofty walls secur'd.
19 The just shall then attend,
And pleasing tribute pay;
And sacrifice of choicest kind
Upon thy altar lay.

PSALM LII.

IN vain, O man of lawless might,
Thou boast'st thyself in ill;
Since God, the God in whom I trust,
Vouchsafes his favour still.
2 Thy wicked tongue doth sland'rous tales
Maliciously devise;
And, sharper than a razor set,
It wounds with treach'rous lies.

3, 4 Thy thoughts are more on ill than good,
On lies than truth employ'd;
Thy tongue delights in words, by which
The guiltless are destroy'd.
5 God shall for ever blast thy hopes,
And snatch thee soon away;
Nor in thy dwelling-place permit,
Nor in the world to stay.
6 The just, with pious fear, shall see
The downfall of thy pride;
And at thy sudden ruin laugh,
And thus thy fall deride:
7 "See there the man that haughty was,
"Who proudly God defied,
"Who trusted in his wealth, and still
"On wicked arts relied."
8 But I am like those olive-plants
That shade God's temple round;
And hope with his indulgent grace
To be for ever crown'd.
9 So shall my soul with praise, O God,
Extol thy wondrous love;
And on thy Name with patience wait;
For this thy saints approve.

PSALM LIII.

THE wicked fools must sure suppose
That God is but a name;
This gross mistake their practice shows,
Since virtue all disclaim.
2 The Lord look'd down from heav'n's high tow'r,
The sons of men to view;
To see if any own'd his pow'r,
Or truth or justice knew.
3 But all, he saw, were backwards gone,
Degen'rate grown, and base;
None for religion car'd, not one
Of all the sinful race.
4 But are those workers of deceit
So dull and senseless grown,
That they, like bread, my people eat,
And God's just pow'r disown?
5 Their causeless fears shall strangely grow,
And they, despis'd of God,
Shall soon be foil'd; his hand shall throw
Their shatter'd bones abroad.
6 Would he his saving pow'r employ
To break our servile band,
Loud shouts of universal joy
Should echo through the land.

PSALM LIV.

1, 2 LORD, save me, for thy glorious Name,
And in thy strength appear,
To judge my cause; accept my pray'r,
And to my words give ear.
3 Mere strangers, whom I never wrong'd,
To ruin me design'd;
And cruel men, that fear no God,
Against my soul combin'd.
4, 5 But God takes part with all my friends,
And he's the surest guard;
The God of truth shall give my foes
Their falsehood's just reward:
6 While I my grateful off'rings bring,
And sacrifice with joy;
And in his praise my time to come
Delightfully employ.
7 From dreadful danger and distress
The Lord hath set me free;
Through him shall I of all my foes
The just destruction see.

PSALM LV.

GIVE ear, thou Judge of all the earth,
And listen when I pray;
Nor from thy humble suppliant turn
Thy glorious face away.
2 Attend to this my sad complaint,
And hear my grievous moans;
Whilst I my mournful case declare
With artless sighs and groans.
3 Hark, how the foe insults aloud!
How fierce oppressors rage!
Whose sland'rous tongues, with wrathful hate,
Against my fame engage.
4, 5 My heart is rack'd with pain, my soul
With deadly frights distress'd;
With fear and trembling compass'd round,
With horror quite oppress'd.
6 How often wish'd I then, that I
The dove's swift wings could get;
That I might take my speedy flight,
And seek a safe retreat.
7, 8 Then would I wander far from hence,
And in wild deserts stray,
Till all this furious storm were spent,
This tempest past away.

THE SECOND PART.

9 DESTROY, O Lord, their ill designs,
Their counsels soon divide;
For through the city my griev'd eyes
Have strife and rapine spied.
10 By day and night on ev'ry wall
They walk their constant round;
And in the midst of all her strength
Are grief and mischief found.
11 Whoe'er through ev'ry part shall roam,
With fresh disorders meet;
Deceit and guile their constant posts
Maintain in ev'ry street.
12 For 'twas not any open foe
That false reflections made;
For then I could with ease have borne
The bitter things he said.
'Twas none who hatred had profess'd
That did against me rise;
For then I had withdrawn myself
From his malicious eyes:
13, 14 But 'twas e'en thou, my guide, my friend,
Whom tend'rest love did join;
Whose sweet advice I valu'd most,
Whose pray'rs were mix'd with mine.

15 Sure vengeance, equal to their crimes,
Such traitors must surprise;
And sudden death requite those ills
They wickedly devise.
16, 17 But I will call on God, who still
Shall in my aid appear;
At morn, at noon, and night I'll pray,
And he my voice shall hear.

THE THIRD PART.

18 GOD has releas'd my soul from those
That did with me contend;
And made a num'rous host of friends
My righteous cause defend.
19 For he, who was my help of old,
Shall now his suppliant hear;
And punish them, whose prosp'rous state
Makes them no God to fear.
20 Whom can I trust, if faithless men
Perfidiously devise
To ruin me, their peaceful friend,
And break the strongest ties?
21 Though soft and melting are their words,
Their hearts with war abound:
Their speeches are more smooth than oil,
And yet like swords they wound.
22 Do thou, my soul, on God depend,
And he shall thee sustain;
He aids the just, whom to supplant
The wicked strive in vain.
23 My foes, that trade in lies and blood,
Shall all untimely die;
Whilst I for health and length of days
On thee, my God, rely.

PSALM LVI.

DO thou, O God, in mercy help,
For man my life pursues;
To crush me with repeated wrongs
He daily strife renews.
2 Continually my spiteful foes
To ruin me combine;
Thou see'st, who sitt'st enthron'd on high,
What mighty numbers join.
3 But though sometimes surpris'd by fear,
On danger's first alarm,
Yet still for succour I depend
On thy Almighty arm.
4 God's faithful promise I shall praise,
On which I now rely:
In God I trust, and, trusting him,
The arm of flesh defy.
5 They wrest my words, and make them speak
A sense they never meant:
Their thoughts are all, with restless spite,
On my destruction bent.
6 In close assemblies they combine,
And wicked projects lay;
They watch my steps, and lie in walt
To make my soul their prey.
7 Shall such injustice still escape?
O righteous God, arise;
Let thy just wrath, (too long provok'd,)
This impious race chastise.
8 Thou number'st all my steps, since first
I was compell'd to flee;
My very tears are treasur'd up,
And register'd by thee.
9 When therefore I invoke thy aid,
My foes shall be o'erthrown;
For I am well assur'd that God
My righteous cause will own.
10, 11 I'll trust God's word, and so despise
The force that man can raise;
12 To thee, O God, my vows are due;
To thee I'll render praise.
13 Thou hast retriev'd my soul from death,
And thou wilt still secure
The life thou hast so oft preserv'd,
And make my footsteps sure;
That thus protected by thy power,
I may this light enjoy,
And in the service of my God
My lengthen'd days employ.

PSALM LVII.

THY mercy, Lord, to me extend,
On thy protection I depend;
And to thy wing for shelter haste,
Till this outrageous storm is past.
2 To thy tribunal, Lord, I fly,
Thou sov'reign Judge and God most high,
Who wonders hast for me begun,
And wilt not leave thy work undone.
3 From heav'n protect me by thine arm,
And shame all those who seek my harm:
To my relief thy mercy send,
And truth, on which my hopes depend.
4 For I with savage men converse,
Like hungry lions wild and fierce,
With men whose teeth are spears, their words
Envenom'd darts, and two-edg'd swords.
5 Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And, as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth display'd,
Till thou art here, as there, obey'd.
6 To take me they their net prepar'd,
And had almost my soul ensnar'd;
But fell themselves, by just decree,
Into the pit they made for me.
7 O God, my heart is fix'd, 'tis bent,
Its thankful tribute to present;
And with my heart my voice I'll raise
To thee, my God, in songs of praise.
8 Awake, my glory; harp and lute,
No longer let your strings be mute;
And I, my tuneful part to take,
Will with the early dawn awake.
9 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the list'ning nations round:
10 Thy mercy highest heav'n transcends,
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.
11 Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And, as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth display'd,
Till thou art here, as there, obey'd.

PSALM LVIII.

SPEAK, O ye judges of the earth,
If just your sentence be;
Or, must not innocence appeal
To Heav'n from your decree?
2 Your wicked hearts and judgments are
Alike by malice sway'd;
Your griping hands, by weighty bribes,
To violence betray'd.
3 To virtue strangers from the womb,
Their infant steps went wrong;
They prattled slander, and in lies
Employ'd their lisping tongue.
4 No serpent of parch'd Afric's breed
Does ranker poison bear;
The drowsy adder will as soon
Unlock his sullen ear.
5 Unmov'd by good advice, and deaf
As adders they remain;
From whom the skilful charmer's voice
Can no attention gain.
6 Defeat, O God, their threat'ning rage,
And timely break their pow'r;
Disarm these growing lions' jaws,
Ere practis'd to devour.
7 Let now their insolence, at height,
Like ebbing tides be spent:
Their shiver'd darts deceive their aim,
When they their bow have bent.
8 Like snails let them dissolve to slime;
Like hasty births become,
Unworthy to behold the sun,
And dead within the womb.
9 Ere thorns can make the flesh-pots boil,
Tempestuous wrath shall come
From God, and snatch them hence alive
To their eternal doom.
10 The righteous shall rejoice to see
Their crimes such vengeance meet,
And saints in persecutors' blood
Shall dip their harmless feet.
11 Transgressors then with grief shall see
Just men rewards obtain;
And own a God, whose justice will
The guilty earth arraign.

PSALM LIX.

DELIVER me, O Lord my God,
From all my spiteful foes;
In my defence oppose thy pow'r
To their's, who me oppose.
2 Preserve me from a wicked race,
Who make a trade of ill;
Protect me from remorseless men,
Who seek my blood to spill.
3 They lie in wait, and mighty pow'rs
Against my life combine:
Implacable; yet, Lord, thou know'st
For no offence of mine.
4 In haste they run about, and watch
My guiltless life to take:
Look down, O Lord, on my distress,
And to my help awake!
5 Thou, Lord of hosts, and Israel's God,
Their heathen rage suppress:
Relentless vengeance take on those
Who stubbornly transgress.
6 At ev'ning to beset my house
Like growling dogs they meet;
While others through the city range,
And ransack ev'ry street.
7 Their throats envenom'd slander breathe,
Their tongues are sharpen'd swords;
Who hears, say they, or, hearing, dares
Reprove our lawless words?
8 But from thy throne thou shalt, O Lord,
Their baffled plots deride;
And soon to scorn and shame expose
Their boasted heathen pride.
9 On thee I wait, 'tis on thy strength
For succour I depend;
'Tis thou, O God, art my defence,
Who only canst defend.
10 Thy mercy, Lord, which has so oft
From danger set me free,
Shall crown my wishes, and subdue
My haughty foes to me.
11 Destroy them not, O Lord, at once,
Restrain thy vengeful blow,
Lest we, ingratefully, too soon
Forget their overthrow.
Disperse them through the nations round
By thy avenging pow'r:
Do thou bring down their haughty pride,
O Lord, our shield and tow'r.
12 Now, in the height of all their hopes,
Their arrogance chastise;
Whose tongues have sinn'd without restraint,
And curses join'd with lies.
13 Nor shalt thou, whilst their race endures,
Thine anger, Lord, suppress,
That distant lands, by their just doom,
May Israel's God confess.
14 At ev'ning let them still persist
Like growling dogs to meet,
Still wander all the city round,
And traverse ev'ry street.
15 Then, as for malice now they do,
For hunger let them stray,
And yell their vain complaints aloud,
Defeated of their prey.
16 Whilst early I thy mercy sing,
Thy wondrous pow'r confess;
For thou hast been my sure defence,
My refuge in distress.
17 To thee with never-ceasing praise,
O God, my strength, I'll sing;
Thou art my God, the rock from whence
My health and safety spring.

PSALM LX.

O GOD, who hast our troops disperst,
Forsaking those that left thee first;
As we thy just displeasure mourn,
To us in mercy, Lord, return.
2 Our strength, that firm as earth did stand,
Is rent by thy avenging hand:

O heal the breaches thou hast made;
We shake, we fall, without thy aid!
3 Our folly's sad effects we feel,
For, drunk with discord's cup, we reel;
4 But now for them who thee rever'd,
Thou hast thy truth's bright banner rear'd.
5 Let thy right hand thy saints protect:
Lord, hear the pray'rs that we direct!
6 The holy God hath spoke; and I,
O'erjoy'd, on his firm word rely.

To thee in portions I'll divide
Fair Sichem's soil, Samaria's pride;
To Sichem, Succoth next I'll join,
And measure out her vale by line.
7 Manasseh, Gilead, both subscribe
To my commands, with Ephraim's tribe;
Ephraim by arms supports my cause,
And Judah by religious laws.

8 Moab my slave and drudge shall be
Nor Edom from my yoke get free;
Proud Palestine's imperious state
Shall humbly on our triumph wait.
9 But who shall quell these mighty pow'rs,
And clear my way to Edom's tow'rs?
Or through her guarded frontiers tread
The path that does to conquest lead?

10 E'en thou, O God, who hast disperst
Our troops, (for we forsook thee first,)
Those whom thou didst in wrath forsake,
Aton'd, thou wilt victorious make.
11 Do thou our fainting cause sustain,
For human succours are but vain:
12 Fresh strength and courage God bestows,
'Tis he treads down our proudest foes.

PSALM LXI.

LORD, hear my cry, regard my pray'r,
Which I, oppress'd with grief,
2 From earth's remotest parts address
To thee for kind relief.
O lodge me safe beyond the reach
Of persecuting pow'r;
3 Thou, who so oft from spiteful foes
Hast been my shelt'ring tow'r.

4 So shall I in thy sacred courts
Secure from danger lie;
Beneath the covert of thy wings
All future storms defy.
5 In sign my vows are heard, once more
I o'er thy chosen reign;
6 O bless with long and prosp'rous life
The king thou didst ordain.

7 Confirm his throne, and make his reign
Accepted in thy sight,
And let thy truth and mercy both
In his defence unite.
8 So shall I ever sing thy praise,
Thy Name for ever bless;
Devote my prosp'rous days to pay
The vows of my distress.

PSALM LXII.

MY soul for help on God relies,
From him alone my safety flows;
2 My rock, my health, that strength supplies,
To bear the shock of all my foes.
3 How long will ye contrive my fall,
Which will but hasten on your own?
You'll totter like a bending wall,
Or fence of uncemented stone.

4 To make my envied honours less
They strive with lies, their chief delight;
For they, though with their mouths they bless,
In private curse with inward spite.
5, 6 But thou, my soul, on God rely;
On him alone thy trust repose;
My rock and health will strength supply
To bear the shock of all my foes.

7 God does his saving health dispense,
And flowing blessings daily send;
He is my fortress and defence,
On him my soul shall still depend.
8 In him, ye people, always trust,
Before his throne pour out your hearts;
For God, the merciful and just,
His timely aid to us imparts.

9 The vulgar fickle are and frail;
The great dissemble and betray;
And laid in truth's impartial scale,
The lightest things will both outweigh.
10 Then trust not in oppressive ways,
By spoil and rapine grow not vain;
Nor let your hearts, if wealth increase,
Be set too much upon your gain.

11 For God has oft his will express'd,
And I this truth have fully known;
To be of boundless pow'r possess'd
Belongs of right to God alone.
12 Though mercy is his darling grace,
In which he chiefly takes delight,
Yet will he all the human race
According to their works requite.

PSALM LXIII.

O GOD, my gracious God, to thee
My morning pray'rs shall offer'd be;
For thee my thirsty soul doth pant:
My fainting flesh implores thy grace,
Within this dry and barren place,
Where I refreshing waters want.

2 O to my longing eyes once more
That view of glorious pow'r restore,
Which thy majestick house displays!
3 Because to me thy wondrous love
Than life itself does dearer prove,
My lips shall always speak thy praise.

4 My life, while I that life enjoy,
In blessing God I will employ,
With lifted hands adore his Name:
5 My soul's content shall be as great
As their's who choicest daintles eat,
While I with joy his praise proclaim.

6 When down I lie sweet sleep to find,
Thou, Lord, art present to my mind;
And when I wake in dead of night:
7 Because thou still dost succour bring,
Beneath the shadow of thy wing
I rest with safety and delight.

8 My soul, when foes would me devour,
Cleaves fast to thee, whose matchless pow'r
In her support is daily shown:
9 But those the righteous Lord shall slay
That my destruction wish; and they
That seek my life shall lose their own.

10, 11 They by untimely ends shall die,
Their flesh a prey to foxes lie;
But God shall fill the king with joy:
Who thee confess shall still rejoice,
Whilst the false tongue, and lying voice,
Thou, Lord, shalt silence and destroy.

PSALM LXIV.

LORD, hear the voice of my complaint,
To my request give ear;
Preserve my life from cruel foes,
And free my soul from fear.
2 O hide me with thy tend'rest care
In some secure retreat,
From sinners that against me rise,
And all their plots defeat.

3 See how, intent to work my harm,
They whet their tongues like swords;
And bend their bows to shoot their darts,
Sharp lies and bitter words.
4 Lurking in private, at the just
They take their secret aim;
And suddenly at him they shoot,
Quite void of fear and shame.

5 To carry on their ill designs
They mutually agree;
They speak of laying private snares,
And think that none shall see.
6 With utmost diligence and care
Their wicked plots they lay;
The deep designs of all their hearts
Are only to betray.

7 But God, to anger justly mov'd,
His dreadful bow shall bend,
And on his flying arrow's point
Shall swift destruction send.
8 Those slanders, which their mouths did vent,
Upon themselves shall fall;
Their crimes disclos'd, shall make them be
Despis'd and shunn'd by all.

9 The world shall then God's pow'r confess,
And nations trembling stand,
Convinc'd that 'tis the mighty work
Of his avenging hand.

10 Whilst righteous men, whom God secures,
In him shall gladly trust;
And all the list'ning earth shall hear
Loud triumphs of the just.

PSALM LXV.

FOR thee, O God, our constant praise
In Sion waits, thy chosen seat;
Our promis'd altars there we'll raise,
And all our zealous vows complete.
2 O thou, who to my humble pray'r
Didst always bend thy list'ning ear,
To thee shall all mankind repair,
And at thy gracious throne appear.

3 Our sins, though numberless, in vain
To stop thy flowing mercy try;
Whilst thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,
And washest out the crimson dye.
4 Blest is the man, who, near thee plac'd,
Within thy sacred dwelling lives;
Whilst we at humbler distance taste
The vast delights thy temple gives.

5 By wondrous acts, O God most just,
Have we thy gracious answer found;
In thee remotest nations trust,
And those whom stormy waves surround.
6, 7 God, by his strength, sets fast the hills,
And does his matchless pow'r engage,
With which the sea's loud waves he stills,
And angry crowds' tumultuous rage.

THE SECOND PART.

8 THOU, Lord, dost barb'rous lands dismay,
When they thy dreadful tokens view:
With joy they see the night and day
Each other's track by turns pursue.
9 From out thy unexhausted store
Thy rain relieves the thirsty ground;
Makes lands, that barren were before,
With corn and useful fruits abound.

10 On rising ridges down it pours,
And ev'ry furrow'd valley fills;
Thou mak'st them soft with gentle show'rs,
In which a blest increase distils.
11 Thy goodness does the circling year
With fresh returns of plenty crown;
And, where thy glorious paths appear,
Thy fruitful clouds drop fatness down.

12 They drop on barren forests, chang'd
By them to pastures fresh and green;
The hills about in order rang'd
In beauteous robes of joy are seen.
13 Large flocks with fleecy wool adorn
The cheerful downs; the valleys bring
A plenteous crop of full-ear'd corn,
And seem for joy to shout and sing.

PSALM LXVI.

1, 2 LET all the lands with shouts of joy
To God their voices raise;
Sing psalms in honour of his Name,
And spread his glorious praise.

3 And let them say, How dreadful, Lord,
In all thy works art thou!
To thy great pow'r thy stubborn foes
Shall all be forc'd to bow.

4 Through all the earth the nations round
Shall thee their God confess;
And with glad hymns their awful dread
Of thy great Name express.
5 O come, behold the works of God,
And then with me you'll own,
That he to all the sons of men
Has wondrous judgments shown.

6 He made the sea become dry land,
Through which our fathers walk'd;
Whilst to each other of his might
With joy his people talk'd.
7 He by his power for ever rules;
His eyes the world survey;
Let no presumptuous man rebel
Against his sov'reign sway.

THE SECOND PART.

8, 9 O ALL ye nations, bless our God,
And loudly speak his praise;
Who keeps our soul alive, and still
Confirms our steadfast ways.
10 For thou hast tried us, Lord, as fire
Does try the precious ore;
11 Thou brought'st us into straits, where we
Oppressing burdens bore.

12 Insulting foes did us, their slaves,
Through fire and water chase;
But yet at last thou brought'st us forth
Into a wealthy place.
13 Burnt off'rings to thy house I'll bring,
And there my vows will pay,
14 Which I with solemn zeal did make
In trouble's dismal day.

15 Then shall the richest incense smoke,
The fattest rams shall fall;
The choicest goats from out the fold,
And bullocks from the stall.
16 O come, all ye that fear the Lord,
Attend with heedful care;
Whilst I what God for me has done
With grateful joy declare.

17, 18 As I before his aid implor'd,
So now I praise his Name;
Who, if my heart had harbour'd sin,
Would all my pray'rs disclaim.
19 But God to me, whene'er I cried,
His gracious ear did bend;
And to the voice of my request
With constant love attend.

20 Then bless'd for ever be my God,
Who never, when I pray,
Withholds his mercy from my soul,
Nor turns his face away.

PSALM LXVII.

TO bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine.

2 That so thy wondrous way
May through the world be known,
Whilst distant lands their tribute pay,
And thy salvation own.

3 Let diff'ring nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious Name.
4 O let them shout and sing
With joy and pious mirth,
For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.

5 Let diff'ring nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious Name.
6 Then shall the teeming ground
A large increase disclose;
And we with plenty shall be crown'd,
Which God, our God, bestows.

7 Then God upon our land
Shall constant blessings show'r,
And all the world in awe shall stand
Of his resistless pow'r.

PSALM LXVIII.

LET God, the God of battle, rise,
And scatter his presumptuous foes:
Let shameful rout their host surprise,
Who spitefully his pow'r oppose.
2 As smoke in tempest's rage is lost,
Or wax into the furnace cast,
So let their sacrilegious host
Before his wrathful presence waste.

3 But let the servants of his will
His favour's gentle beams enjoy;
Their upright hearts let gladness fill,
And cheerful songs their tongues employ.
4 To him your voice in anthems raise,
Jehovah's awful name he bears;
In him rejoice, extol his praise,
Who rides upon high-rolling spheres.

5 Him, from his empire of the skies,
To this low world compassion draws,
The orphan's claim to patronize,
And judge the injur'd widow's cause.
6 'Tis God, who from a foreign soil
Restores poor exiles to their home,
Makes captives free, and fruitless toil
Their proud oppressors' righteous doom.

7 'Twas so of old, when thou didst lead
In person, Lord, our armies forth,
Strange terrors through the desert spread,
Convulsions shook th'astonish'd earth.
8 The breaking clouds did rain distil,
And heav'n's high arches shook with fear;
How then should Sinai's humble hill
Of Israel's God the presence bear?

9 Thy hand, at famish'd earth's complaint,
Reliev'd her from celestial stores;

And, when thy heritage was faint,
Asswag'd the drought with plenteous show'rs.
10 Where savages had rang'd before,
At ease thou mad'st our tribes reside;
And in the desert for the poor
Thy gen'rous bounty didst provide.

THE SECOND PART.

11 THOU gav'st the word, we sallied forth,
And in that pow'rful word o'ercame;
While virgin troops, with songs of mirth,
In state our conquest did proclaim.
12 Vast armies, by such gen'rals led
As yet had ne'er receiv'd a foil,
Forsook their camp with sudden dread,
And to our women left the spoil.
13 Though Egypt's drudges you have been,
Your army's wings shall shine as bright
As doves, in golden sunshine seen,
Or silver'd o'er with paler light.
14 'Twas so, when God's almighty hand
O'er scatter'd kings the conquest won;
Our troops, drawn up on Jordan's strand,
High Salmon's glitt'ring snow outshone.
15 From thence to Jordan's farther coast,
And Bashan's hill we did advance;
No more her height shall Bashan boast,
But that she's God's inheritance.
16 But wherefore (though the honour's great)
Should this, O mountains, swell your pride?
For Sion is his chosen seat,
Where he for ever will reside.
17 His chariots numberless, his pow'rs
Are heav'nly hosts that wait his will;
His presence now fills Sion's tow'rs,
As once it honour'd Sinai's hill.
18 Ascending high, in triumph thou
Captivity hast captive led,
And on thy people didst bestow
The spoil of armies, once their dread.
E'en rebels shall partake thy grace,
And humble proselytes repair
To worship at thy dwelling-place,
And all the world pay homage there.
19 For benefits each day bestow'd,
Be daily his great Name ador'd;
20 Who is our Saviour and our God,
Of life and death the sov'reign Lord.
21 But justice for his harden'd foes
Proportion'd vengeance hath decreed,
To wound the hoary head of those
Who in presumptuous crimes proceed.
22 The Lord hath thus in thunder spoke:
"As I subdu'd proud Bashan's king,
"Once more I'll break my people's yoke,
"And from the deep my servants bring.
23 "Their feet shall with a crimson flood
"Of slaughter'd foes be cover'd o'er;
"Nor earth receive such impious blood,
"But leave for dogs th' unhallow'd gore."

THE THIRD PART.

24 WHEN marching to thy blest abode,
The wond'ring multitude survey'd
The pompous state of thee, our God,
In robes of majesty array'd:
25 Sweet-singing Levites led the van,
Loud instruments brought up the rear;
Between both troops a virgin train
With voice and timbrel charm'd the ear.
26 This was the burden of their song:
"In full assemblies bless the Lord;
"All, who to Israel's tribes belong,
"The God of Israel's praise record."
27 Nor little Benjamin alone
From neighb'ring bounds did there attend,
Nor only Judah's nearer throne
Her counsellors in state did send;
But Zebulon's remoter seat,
And Naphtali's more distant coast,
(The grand procession to complete,)
Sent up their tribes, a princely host.
28 Thus God to strength and union brought
Our tribes, at strife till that blest hour;
This work, which thou, O God, hast wrought,
Confirm with fresh recruits of pow'r.
29 To visit Salem, Lord, descend,
And Sion thy terrestrial throne;
Where kings with presents shall attend,
And thee with offer'd crowns atone.
30 Break down the spearmen's ranks, who threat
Like pamper'd herds of savage might;
Their silver-armour'd chiefs defeat,
Who in destructive war delight.
31 Egypt shall then to God stretch forth
Her hands, and Afric homage bring:
32 The scatter'd kingdoms of the earth
Their common Sov'reign's praises sing.
33 Who, mounted on the loftiest sphere
Of ancient heav'n, sublimely rides;
From whence his dreadful voice we hear,
Like that of warring winds and tides.
34 Ascribe ye pow'r to God most high,
Of humble Israel he takes care;
Whose strength from out the dusky sky
Darts shining terrors through the air.
35 How dreadful are the sacred courts,
Where God has fix'd his earthly throne!
His strength his feeble saints supports;
To God give praise, and him alone.

PSALM LXIX.

SAVE me, O God, from waves that roll,
And press to overwhelm my soul:
2 With painful steps in mire I tread,
And deluges o'erflow my head.
3 With restless cries my spirits faint,
My voice is hoarse with long complaint;
My sight decays with tedious pain,
Whilst for my God I wait in vain.

4 My hairs, though num'rous, are but few
Compar'd with foes that me pursue
With groundless hate, grown now of might,
To execute their lawless spite.
They force me guiltless to resign,
As rapine, what by right was mine.
5 Thou, Lord, my innocence dost see,
Nor are my sins conceal'd from thee.

6 Lord God of hosts, take timely care,
Lest for my sake thy saints despair;
7 Since I have suffer'd for thy name
Reproach, and hid my face in shame.
8 A stranger to my country grown,
Nor to my nearest kindred known;
A foreigner, expos'd to scorn
By brethren of my mother born.

9 For zeal to thy lov'd house and name
Consumes me like devouring flame,
Concern'd at their affronts to thee,
More than at slanders cast on me.
10 My very tears and abstinence
They construe in a spiteful sense:
11 When cloth'd with sackcloth for their sake,
They me their common proverb make.

12 Their judges at my wrongs do jest,
Those wrongs they ought to have redrest:
How should I then expect to be
From libels of lewd drunkards free?
13 But, Lord, to thee I will repair
For help with humble timely pray'r;
Relieve me from thy mercy's store,
Display thy truth's preserving pow'r.

14 From threat'ning dangers me relieve,
And from the mire my feet retrieve;
From spiteful foes in safety keep,
And snatch me from the raging deep.
15 Control the deluge ere it spread,
And roll its waves above my head;
Nor deep destruction's open pit
To close her jaws on me permit.

16 Lord, hear the humble pray'r I make,
For thy transcending goodness' sake;
Relieve thy supplicant once more
From thy abounding mercy's store:
17 Nor from thy servant hide thy face;
Make haste, for desp'rate is my case;
18 Thy timely succour interpose,
And shield me from remorseless foes.

19 Thou know'st what infamy and scorn
I from my enemies have borne,
Nor can their close dissembled spite,
Or darkest plots, escape thy sight.
20 Reproach and grief have broke my heart;
I look'd for some to take my part,
To pity or relieve my pain;
But look'd, alas! for both in vain.

21 With hunger pin'd, for food I call,
Instead of food they give me gall;
And when with thirst my spirits sink,
They give me vinegar to drink.

22 Their table therefore to their health
Shall prove a snare, a trap their wealth;
23 Perpetual darkness seize their eyes,
And sudden blasts their hopes surprise.

24 On them thou shalt thy fury pour,
Till thy fierce wrath their race devour;
25 And make their house a dismal cell,
Where none will e'er vouchsafe to dwell.
26 For new afflictions they procur'd
For him, who had thy stripes endur'd;
And made the wounds thy scourge had torn
To bleed afresh with sharper scorn.

27 Sin shall to sin their steps betray,
Till they to truth have lost the way:
28 From life thou shalt exclude their soul,
Nor with the just their names enrol.
29 But me, howe'er distress'd and poor,
Thy strong salvation shall restore:
30 Thy pow'r with songs I'll then proclaim,
And celebrate with thanks thy Name.

31 Our God shall this more highly prize
Than herds or flocks in sacrifice;
32 Which humble saints with joy shall see,
And hope for like redress with me.
33 For God regards the poor's complaint,
Sets pris'ners free from close restraint.
34 Let heav'n, earth, sea, their voices raise,
And all the world resound his praise.

35 For God will Sion's walls erect,
And Judah's cities still protect,
Till all her scatter'd sons repair
To undisturb'd possession there.
36 This blessing they shall at their death
To their religious heirs bequeath;
And they to endless ages more,
Of such as his blest Name adore.

PSALM LXX.

O LORD, to my relief draw near,
For never was more pressing need;
For my deliv'rance, Lord, appear,
And add to that deliv'rance speed.
2 Confusion on their heads return,
Who to destroy my soul combine:
Let them, defeated, blush and mourn,
Ensnar'd in their own vile design.

3 Their doom let desolation be,
With shame their malice be repaid,
Who mock'd my confidence in thee,
And sport of my affliction made.
4 While those, who humbly seek thy face,
To joyful triumphs shall be rais'd,
And all who prize thy saving grace,
With me shall sing, The Lord be prais'd.

5 Thus wretched though I am and poor,
The mighty Lord of me takes care;
Thou, God, who only canst restore,
To my relief with speed repair.

PSALM LXXI.

1, 2 IN thee I put my steadfast trust,
Defend me, Lord, from shame;
Incline thine ear, and save my soul,
For righteous is thy Name.
3 Be thou my strong abiding place,
To which I may resort;
'Tis thy decree that keeps me safe;
Thou art my rock and fort.
4, 5 From cruel and ungodly men
Protect and set me free;
For, from my earliest youth till now,
My hope has been in thee.
6 Thy constant care did safely guard
My tender infant days;
Thou took'st me from my mother's womb
To sing thy constant praise.
7, 8 While some on me with wonder gaze,
Thy hand supports me still;
Thy honour, therefore, and thy praise
My mouth shall always fill.
9 Reject not then thy servant, Lord,
When I with age decay,
Forsake me not when, worn with years,
My vigour fades away.
10 My foes against my fame and me
With crafty malice speak;
Against my soul they lay their snares,
And mutual counsel take.
11 His God, say they, forsakes him now,
On whom he did rely;
Pursue and take him, whilst no hope
Of timely aid is nigh.
12 But thou, my God, withdraw not far,
For speedy help I call;
13 To shame and ruin bring my foes,
That seek to work my fall.
14 But as for me, my steadfast hope
Shall on thy pow'r depend,
And I in grateful songs of praise
My time to come will spend.

THE SECOND PART.

15 THY righteous acts and saving health
My mouth shall still declare;
Unable yet to count them all,
Though summ'd with utmost care.
16 While God vouchsafes me his support,
I'll in his strength go on;
All other righteousness disclaim,
And mention his alone.
17 Thou, Lord, hast taught me from my youth
To praise thy glorious Name;
And ever since thy wondrous works
Have been my constant theme.
18 Then now forsake me not when I
Am grey and feeble grown,
Till I to these, and future times,
Thy strength and pow'r have shown
19 How high thy justice soars, O God!
How great and wondrous are
The mighty works which thou hast done!
Who may with thee compare?
20 Me, whom thy hand has sorely press'd,
Thy grace shall yet relieve,
And from the lowest depth of woe
With tender care retrieve.
21 Through thee my time to come shall be
With power and greatness crown'd;
And me, who dismal years have pass'd,
Thy comforts shall surround.
22 Then I with psaltery and harp
Thy truth, O Lord, will praise;
To thee, the God of Jacob's race,
My voice in anthems raise.
23 Then joy shall fill my mouth, and songs
Employ my cheerful voice;
My grateful soul, by thee redeem'd,
Shall in thy strength rejoice.
24 My tongue thy just and righteous acts
Shall all the day proclaim;
Because thou didst confound my foes,
And brought'st them all to shame.

PSALM LXXII.

LORD, let thy just decrees the king
In all his ways direct;
And let his son, throughout his reign,
Thy righteous laws respect.
2 So shall he still thy people judge
With pure and upright mind,
Whilst all the helpless poor shall him
Their just protector find.
3 Then hills and mountains shall bring forth
The happy fruits of peace,
Which all the land shall own to be
The work of righteousness:
4 Whilst he the poor and needy race
Shall rule with gentle sway,
And from their humble necks shall take
Oppressive yokes away.
5 In ev'ry heart thy awful fear
Shall then be rooted fast,
As long as sun and moon endure,
Or time itself shall last.
6 He shall descend like rain that cheers
The meadows' second birth,
Or like warm show'rs, whose gentle drops
Refresh the thirsty earth.
7 In his blest days the just and good
Shall be with favour crown'd;
The happy land shall every where
With endless peace abound.
8 His uncontroll'd dominion shall
From sea to sea extend,
Begin at proud Euphrates' streams,
At nature's limits end.
9 To him the savage nations round
Shall bow their servile heads;
His vanquish'd foes shall lick the dust,
Where he his conquest spreads.
10 The kings of Tarshish and the isles
Shall costly presents bring;
From spicy Sheba gifts shall come,
And wealthy Seba's king.
11 To him shall ev'ry king on earth
His humble homage pay,

And diff'ring nations gladly join
To own his righteous sway.
12 For he shall set the needy free,
When they for succour cry,
Shall save the helpless and the poor,
And all their wants supply.

THE SECOND PART.

13 HIS providence for needy souls
Shall due supplies prepare;
And over their defenceless lives
Shall watch with tender care.
14 He shall preserve and keep their souls
From fraud and rapine free,
And in his sight their guiltless blood
Of mighty price shall be.
15 Therefore shall God his life and reign
To many years extend,
Whilst eastern princes tribute pay,
And golden presents send.
For him shall constant pray'rs be made
Through all his prosp'rous days;
His just dominion shall afford
A lasting theme of praise.
16 Of useful grain, through all the land,
Great plenty shall appear;
A handful sown on mountain-tops
A mighty crop shall bear.
Its fruit, like cedars shook by winds,
A rattling noise shall yield;
The city too shall thrive, and vie
For plenty with the field.
17 The mem'ry of his glorious Name
Through endless years shall run;
His spotless fame shall shine as bright
And lasting as the sun.
In him the nations of the world
Shall be completely bless'd,
And his unbounded happiness
By ev'ry tongue confess'd.
18 Then bless'd be God, the mighty Lord,
The God whom Israel fears;
Who only wondrous in his works
Beyond compare appears.
19 Let earth be with his glory fill'd,
And ever bless his Name;
Whilst to his praise the list'ning world
Their glad assent proclaim.

PSALM LXXIII.

AT length, by certain proofs, 'tis plain
That God will to his saints be kind;
That all whose hearts are pure and clean
Shall his protecting favour find.
2, 3 Till this sustaining truth I knew,
My stagg'ring feet had almost fail'd;
I griev'd the sinner's wealth to view,
And envied when the fools prevail'd.
4, 5 They to the grave in peace descend,
And whilst they live are hale and strong;
No plague or troubles them offend,
Which oft to other men belong.
6, 7 With pride, as with a chain, they're held,
And rapine seems their robe of state;
Their eyes stand out, with fatness swell'd;
They grow beyond their wishes great.
8, 9 With hearts corrupt, and lofty talk,
Oppressive methods they defend;
Their tongue through all the earth does walk,
Their blasphemies to Heav'n ascend.
10 And yet admiring crowds are found,
Who servile visits duly make,
Because with plenty they abound,
Of which their flatt'ring slaves partake.
11 Their fond opinions these pursue,
Till they with them profanely cry,
"How should the Lord our actions view,
"Can he perceive who dwells so high?"
12 Behold the wicked! these are they
Who openly their sins profess;
And yet their wealth's increas'd each day,
And all their actions meet success.
13, 14 Then have I cleans'd my heart, said I,
And wash'd my hands from guilt in vain,
If all the day oppress'd I lie,
And every morning suffer pain.
15 Thus did I once to speak intend;
But, if such things I rashly say,
Thy children, Lord, I must offend,
And basely should their cause betray.

THE SECOND PART.

16, 17 TO fathom this my thoughts I bent,
But found the case too hard for me;
Till to the house of God I went,
Then I their end did plainly see.
18 How high soe'er advanc'd, they all
On slipp'ry places loosely stand;
Thence into ruin headlong fall,
Cast down by thy avenging hand.
19, 20 How dreadful and how quick their fate!
Despis'd by thee when they're destroy'd;
As waking men with scorn do treat
The fancies that their dreams employ'd.
21, 22 Thus was my heart with grief oppprest,
My reins were rack'd with restless pains;
So stupid was I, like a beast,
Who no reflecting thought retains.
23, 24 Yet still thy presence me supplied,
And thy right hand assistance gave;
Thou first shalt with thy counsel guide,
And then to glory me receive.
25 Whom then in heav'n, but thee alone,
Have I, whose favour I require?
Throughout the spacious earth there's none
That I besides thee can desire.
26 My trembling flesh and aching heart
May often fail to succour me;
But God shall inward strength impart,
And my eternal portion be.

27 For they that far from thee remove,
Shall into sudden ruin fall;
If after other gods they rove,
Thy vengeance shall destroy them all.

28 But as for me, 'tis good and just
That I should still to God repair;
In him I always put my trust,
And will his wondrous works declare.

PSALM LXXIV.

WHY hast thou cast us off, O God?
Wilt thou no more return?
O why against thy chosen flock
Does thy fierce anger burn?
2 Think on thy ancient purchase, Lord,
The land that is thy own;
By thee redeem'd, and Sion's mount,
Where once thy glory shone.
3 O come, and view our ruin'd state!
How long our troubles last!
See how the foe, with wicked rage,
Has laid thy temple waste!
4 Thy foes blaspheme thy Name, where late
Thy zealous servants pray'd;
The heathen there, with haughty pomp,
Their banners have display'd.
5, 6 Those curious carvings, which did once
Advance the artist's fame,
With axe and hammer they destroy,
Like works of vulgar frame.
7 Thy holy temple they have burnt:
And what escap'd the flame
Has been profan'd, and quite defac'd,
Though sacred to thy Name.
8 Thy worship wholly to destroy
Maliciously they aim'd;
And all the sacred places burn'd,
Where we thy praise proclaim'd.
9 Yet of thy presence thou vouchsaf'st
No tender signs to send;
We have no prophet now, that knows
When this sad state shall end.

THE SECOND PART.

10 BUT, Lord, how long wilt thou permit
Th' insulting foe to boast?
Shall all the honour of thy Name
For evermore be lost?
11 Why hold'st thou back thy strong right hand,
And on thy patient breast,
When vengeance calls to stretch it forth,
So calmly lett'st it rest?
12 Thou heretofore, with kingly pow'r,
In our defence hast fought;
For us, throughout the wond'ring world,
Hast great salvation wrought.
13 'Twas thou, O God, that didst the sea
By thy own strength divide;
Thou brak'st the wat'ry monsters' heads,
The waves o'erwhelm'd their pride.
14 The greatest, fiercest of them all,
That seem'd the deep to sway,
Was by thy pow'r destroy'd, and made
To savage beasts a prey.
15 Thou clav'st the solid rock, and mad'st
The waters largely flow;
Again thou mad'st through parted streams
Thy wond'ring people go.
16 Thine is the cheerful day, and thine
The black return of night;
Thou hast prepar'd the glorious sun,
And ev'ry feebler light:
17 By thee the borders of the earth
In perfect order stand;
The summer's warmth, and winter's cold,
Attend on thy command.

THE THIRD PART.

18 REMEMBER, Lord, how scornful foes
Have daily urg'd our shame;
And how the foolish people have
Blasphem'd thy holy Name.
19 O free thy mourning turtle-dove,
By sinful crowds beset;
Nor the assembly of thy poor
For evermore forget.
20 Thy ancient cov'nant, Lord, regard,
And make thy promise good;
For now each corner of the land
Is fill'd with men of blood.
21 O let not the oppress'd return
With sorrow cloth'd and shame
But let the helpless and the poor
For ever praise thy Name.
22 Arise, O God, in our behalf,
Thy cause and our's maintain;
Remember how insulting fools
Each day thy Name profane!
23 Make thou the boastings of thy foes
For evermore to cease;
Whose insolence, if unchastis'd,
Will more and more increase.

PSALM LXXV.

TO thee, O God, we render praise,
To thee with thanks repair;
For that thy Name to us is nigh,
Thy wondrous works declare.
2 In Israel when my throne is fix'd,
With me shall justice reign:
3 The land with discord shakes, but I
The sinking frame sustain.
4 Deluded wretches I advis'd
Their errors to redress,
And warn'd bold sinners, that they should
Their swelling pride suppress.
5 Bear not yourselves so high, as if
No pow'r could your's restrain;
Submit your stubborn necks, and learn
To speak with less disdain.
6 For that promotion, which to gain
Your vain ambition strives,
From neither east, nor west, nor yet
From southern climes arrives.

7 For God the great disposer is,
And sov'reign judge alone,
Who casts the proud to earth, and lifts
The humble to a throne.

8 His hand holds forth a dreadful cup,
With purple wine 'tis crown'd;
The deadly mixture, which his wrath
Deals out to nations round.
Of this his saints sometimes may taste;
But wicked men shall squeeze
The bitter dregs, and be condemn'd
To drink the very lees.

9 His prophet, I to all the world
This message will relate;
The justice then of Jacob's God
My song shall celebrate.
10 The wicked's pride I will reduce,
Their cruelty disarm;
Exalt the just, and seat him high,
Above the reach of harm.

PSALM LXXVI.

IN Judah the Almighty's known,
(Almighty there by wonders shown;)
His Name in Jacob does excel:
2 His sanctu'ry in Salem stands;
The majesty that heav'n commands
In Sion condescends to dwell.

3 He brake the bow and arrows there,
The shield, the temper'd sword, and spear;
There slain the mighty army lay:
4 Whence Sion's fame through earth is spread,
Of greater glory, greater dread, [prey.
Than hills where robbers lodge their

5 Their valiant chiefs, who came for spoil,
Themselves met there a shameful foil;
Securely down to sleep they lay:
But wak'd no more; their stoutest band
Ne'er lifted one resisting hand
'Gainst his, that did their legions slay.

6 When Jacob's God began to frown,
Both horse and charioteers, o'erthrown,
Together slept in endless night.
7 When thou, whom earth and heav'n revere,
Dost once with wrathful look appear,
What mortal pow'r can stand thy sight?

8, 9, Pronounc'd from heav'n, earth heard its doom;
Grew hush'd with fear, when thou didst come,
The meek with justice to restore.
10 The wrath of man shall yield thee praise;
Its last attempts but serve to raise
The triumphs of Almighty pow'r.

11 Vow to the Lord, ye nations bring
Vow'd presents to th' eternal King;
Thus to his Name due rev'rence pay:
12 Who proudest potentates can quell;
To earthly kings more terrible,
Than to their trembling subjects they.

PSALM LXXVII.

TO God I cried, who to my help
Did graciously repair;
2 In trouble's dismal day I sought
My God with humble pray'r.
All night my fest'ring wound did run,
No med'cine gave relief;
My soul no comfort would admit,
My soul indulg'd her grief.

3 I thought on God, and favours past,
But that increas'd my pain;
I found my spirit more oppress'd,
The more I did complain.
4 Through ev'ry watch of tedious night
Thou keep'st my eyes awake;
My grief is swell'd to that excess,
I sigh, but cannot speak.

5 I call to mind the days of old,
With signal mercy crown'd,
Those famous years of ancient times,
For miracles renown'd.
6 By night I recollect my songs,
On former triumphs made;
Then search, consult, and ask my heart,
Where's now that wondrous aid?

7 Has God for ever cast us off?
Withdrawn his favour quite?
8 Are both his mercy and his truth
Retir'd to endless night?
9 Can his long-practis'd love forget
Its wonted aids to bring?
Has he in wrath shut up and seal'd
His mercy's healing spring?

10 I said, My weakness hints these fears:
But I'll my fears disband;
I'll yet remember the Most High,
And years of his right hand.
11 I'll call to mind his works of old,
The wonders of his might;
12 On them my heart shall meditate,
My tongue shall them recite.

13 Safe lodg'd from human search on high,
O God, thy counsels are!
Who is so great a God as our's?
Who can with him compare?
14 Long since a God of wonders thee
Thy rescu'd people found:
15 Long since hast thou thy chosen seed
With strong deliv'rance crown'd.

16 When thee, O God, the waters saw,
The frighted billows shrunk;
The troubled depths themselves, for fear,
Beneath their channels sunk.
17 The clouds pour'd down, while rending skies
Did with their noise conspire;
Thy arrows all abroad were sent,
Wing'd with avenging fire.

18 Heav'n with thy thunder's voice was torn;
Whilst all the lower world
With lightnings blaz'd, earth shook, and seem'd
From her foundations hurl'd.

19 Through rolling streams thou find'st thy way,
Thy paths in waters lie;
Thy wondrous passage, where no sight
Thy footsteps can descry.
20 Thou ledd'st thy people like a flock,
Safe through the desert land,
By Moses, their meek skilful guide,
And Aaron's sacred hand.

PSALM LXXVIII.

HEAR, O my people; to my law
Devout attention lend;
Let the instruction of my mouth
Deep in your hearts descend.
2 My tongue, by inspiration taught,
Shall parables unfold,
Dark oracles, but understood,
And own'd for truths of old.

3 Which we from sacred registers
Of ancient times have known,
And our forefathers' pious care
To us have handed down.
4 We will not hide them from our sons;
Our offspring shall be taught
The praises of the Lord, whose strength
Has works of wonder wrought.

5 For Jacob he this law ordain'd;
This league with Israel made;
With charge to be from age to age,
From race to race convey'd;
6 That generations yet to come
Should to their unborn heirs
Religiously transmit the same,
And they again to their's.

7 To teach them that in God alone
Their hope securely stands;
That they should ne'er forget his works,
But keep his just commands.
8 Lest, like their fathers, they might prove
A stiff rebellious race,
False-hearted, fickle to their God,
Unsteadfast in his grace.

9 Such were revolting Ephraim's sons,
Who, though to warfare bred,
And skilful archers, arm'd with bows,
From field ignobly fled.
10, 11 They falsified their league with God,
His orders disobey'd,
Forgot his works and miracles
Before their eyes display'd.

12 Nor wonders which their fathers saw
Did they in mind retain;
Prodigious things in Egypt done,
And Zoan's fertile plain.
13 He cut the seas to let them pass,
Restrain'd the pressing flood;
While, pil'd on heaps, on either side
The solid waters stood.

14 A wondrous pillar led them on,
Compos'd of shade and light;
A shelt'ring cloud it prov'd by day,
A leading fire by night.

15 When drought opprest them, where no stream
The wilderness supplied,
He cleft the rock, whose flinty breast
Dissolv'd into a tide.

16 Streams from the solid rock he brought,
Which down in rivers fell,
That, trav'lling with their camp, each day
Renew'd the miracle.
17 Yet there they sinn'd against him more,
Provoking the Most High,
In that same desert, where he did
Their fainting souls supply.

18 They first incens'd him in their hearts,
That did his power distrust,
And long'd for meat, not urg'd by want,
But to indulge their lust.
19 Then utter'd their blaspheming doubts:
"Can God, (say they,) prepare
"A table in the wilderness,
"Set out with various fare?

20 "He smote the flinty rock, 'tis true,
"And gushing streams ensu'd;
"But can he corn and flesh provide
"For such a multitude?"
21 The Lord with indignation heard:
From heav'n avenging flame
On Jacob fell, consuming wrath
On thankless Israel came:

22 Because their unbelieving hearts
In God would not confide,
Nor trust his care, who had from heav'n
Their wants so oft supplied:
23 Though he had made his clouds discharge
Provisions down in show'rs;
And, when earth fail'd, reliev'd their needs
From his celestial stores:

24 Though tasteful manna was rain'd down,
Their hunger to relieve;
Though from the stores of heav'n they did
Sustaining corn receive.
25 Thus man, with angels' sacred food,
Ungrateful man, was fed;
Not sparingly, for still they found
A plenteous table spread.

26 From heav'n he made an east wind blow,
Then did the south command,
27 To rain down flesh, like dust, and fowls
Like sea's unnumber'd sand.
28 Within their trenches he let fall
The luscious easy prey,
And all around their spreading camp
The ready booty lay.

29 They fed, were fill'd: he gave them leave
Their appetites to feast;
30, 31 Yet still their wanton lust crav'd on,
Nor with their hunger ceas'd.

But whilst in their luxurious mouths
They did their dainties chew,
The wrath of God smote down their chiefs,
And Israel's chosen slew.

THE SECOND PART.

32 YET still they sinn'd, nor would afford
His miracles belief;
33 Therefore through fruitless travels he
Consum'd their lives in grief.
34 When some were slain, the rest return'd
To God with early cry;
35 Own'd him the rock of their defence,
Their Saviour, God most high.
36 But this was feign'd submission all;
Their heart their tongue belied;
37 Their heart was still perverse, nor would
Firm in his league abide.
38 Yet, full of mercy, he forgave,
Nor did with death chastise;
But turn'd his kindled wrath aside,
Or would not let it rise.
39 For he remember'd they were flesh
That could not long remain;
A murmuring wind that's quickly past,
And ne'er returns again.
40 How oft did they provoke him there,
How oft his patience grieve,
In that same desert where he did
Their fainting souls relieve!
41 They tempted him by turning back,
And wickedly repin'd,
When Israel's God refus'd to be
By their desires confin'd.
42 Nor call'd to mind the hand and day
That their redemption brought;
43 His signs in Egypt, wondrous works
In Zoan's valley wrought.
44 He turn'd their rivers into blood,
That man and beast forbore,
And rather chose to die of thirst,
Than drink the putrid gore.
45 He sent devouring swarms of flies;
Hoarse frogs annoy'd their soil;
46 Locusts and caterpillars reap'd
The harvest of their toil.
47 Their vines with batt'ring hail were broke,
With frost the fig-tree dies;
48 Lightning and hail made flocks and herds
One general sacrifice.
49 He turn'd his anger loose, and set
No time for it to cease;
And, with their plagues, bad angels sent
Their torments to increase.
50 He clear'd a passage for his wrath
To ravage uncontroll'd;
The murrain on their firstlings seiz'd
In ev'ry field and fold.
51 The deadly pest from beast to man,
From field to city came;
It slew their heirs, their eldest hopes,
Through all the tents of Ham.
52 But his own tribe, like folded sheep,
He brought from their distress,
And them conducted like a flock
Throughout the wilderness.
53 He led them on, and in their way
No cause of fear they found;
But march'd securely through those deeps,
In which their foes were drown'd.
54 Nor ceas'd his care, till them he brought
Safe to his promis'd land,
And to his holy mount, the prize
Of his victorious hand.
55 To them the outcast heathen's land
He did by lot divide;
And in their foes' abandon'd tents
Made Israel's tribes reside.

THE THIRD PART.

56 YET still they tempted, still provok'd
The wrath of God most high;
Nor would to practise his commands
Their stubborn hearts apply.
57 But in their faithless fathers' steps
Perversely chose to go;
They turn'd aside, like arrows shot
From some deceitful bow.
58 For him to fury they provok'd
With altars set on high;
And with their graven images
Inflam'd his jealousy.
59 When God heard this, on Israel's tribes
His wrath and hatred fell;
60 He quitted Shiloh, and the tents
Where once he chose to dwell.
61 To vile captivity his ark,
His glory to disdain,
62 His people to the sword he gave,
Nor would his wrath restrain.
63 Destructive war their ablest youth
Untimely did confound;
No virgin was to th' altar led
With nuptial garlands crown'd.
64 In fight the sacrificer fell,
The priest a victim bled;
And widows, who their death should mourn,
Themselves of grief were dead.
65 Then, as a giant rous'd from sleep,
Whom wine had throughly warm'd,
Shouts out aloud, the Lord awak'd,
And his proud foe alarm'd.
66 He smote their host, that from the field
A scatter'd remnant came,
With wounds imprinted on their backs
Of everlasting shame.
67 With conquests crown'd, he Joseph's tents
And Ephraim's tribe forsook;
68 But Judah chose, and Sion's mount
For his lov'd dwelling took.

69 His temple he erected there,
With spires exalted high,
While deep and fix'd, as that of earth,
The strong foundations lie.
70 His faithful servant David too
He for his choice did own,
And from the sheep-folds him advanc'd
To sit on Judah's throne.
71 From tending on the teeming ewes,
He brought him forth to feed
His own inheritance, the tribes
Of Israel's chosen seed.
72 Exalted thus the monarch prov'd
A faithful shepherd still;
He fed them with an upright heart,
And guided them with skill.

PSALM LXXIX.

BEHOLD, O God, how heathen hosts
Have thy possessions seiz'd;
Thy sacred house they have defil'd,
Thy holy city ras'd.
2 The mangled bodies of thy saints
Abroad unburied lay;
Their flesh expos'd to savage beasts,
And rav'nous birds of prey.
3 Quite through Jerus'lem was their blood
Like common water shed;
And none were left alive to pay
Last duties to the dead.
4 The neighb'ring lands our small remains
With loud reproaches wound;
And we a laughing-stock are made
To all the nations round.
5 How long wilt thou be angry, Lord?
Must we for ever mourn?
Shall thy devouring jealous rage,
Like fire, for ever burn?
6 On foreign lands, that know not thee,
Thy heavy vengeance show'r;
Those sinful kingdoms let it crush,
That have not own'd thy pow'r.
7 For their devouring jaws have prey'd
On Jacob's chosen race;
And to a barren desert turn'd
Their fruitful dwelling-place.
8 O think not on our former sins,
But speedily prevent
The utter ruin of thy saints,
Almost with sorrow spent.
9 Thou God of our salvation, help,
And free our souls from blame;
So shall our pardon and defence
Exalt thy glorious Name.
10 Let infidels, that scoffing say,
Where is the God they boast?
In vengeance for thy slaughter'd saints,
Perceive thee to their cost.
11 Lord, hear the sighing pris'ners moan,
Thy saving pow'r extend;
Preserve the wretches, doom'd to die,
From that untimely end.
12 On them who us oppress let all
Our suff'rings be repaid;
Make their confusion seven times more
Than what on us they laid.
13 So we, thy people and thy flock,
Shall ever praise thy Name;
And with glad hearts our grateful thanks
From age to age proclaim.

PSALM LXXX.

O ISRAEL'S Shepherd, Joseph's Guide,
Our pray'rs to thee vouchsafe to hear;
Thou that dost on the cherubs ride,
Again in solemn state appear.
2 Behold, how Benjamin expects,
With Ephraim and Manasseh join'd,
In our deliv'rance, the effects
Of thy resistless strength to find.
3 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou
The lustre of thy face display;
And all the ills we suffer now,
Like scatter'd clouds, shall pass away.
4 O thou, whom heavenly hosts obey,
How long shall thy fierce anger burn?
How long thy suff'ring people pray,
And to their pray'rs have no return?
5 When hungry, we are forc'd to drench
Our scanty food in floods of woe;
When dry, our raging thirst we quench
With streams of tears that largely flow.
6 For us the heathen nations round,
As for a common prey, contest;
Our foes with spiteful joy abound,
And at our lost condition jest.
7 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou
The lustre of thy face display;
And all the ills we suffer now,
Like scatter'd clouds, shall pass away.

THE SECOND PART.

8 THOU brought'st a vine from Egypt's land,
And, casting out the heathen race,
Didst plant it with thine own right hand,
And firmly fix it in their place.
9 Before it thou prepar'dst the way,
And mad'st it take a lasting root;
Which, blest with thy indulgent ray,
O'er all the land did widely shoot.
10, 11 The hills were cover'd with its shade,
Its goodly boughs did cedars seem;
Its branches to the sea were spread,
And reach'd to proud Euphrates' stream.
12 Why then hast thou its hedge o'erthrown,
Which thou hadst made so firm and strong?
Whilst all its grapes, defenceless grown,
Are pluck'd by those that pass along.
13 See how the bristling forest boar
With dreadful fury lays it waste;
Hark, how the savage monsters roar,
And to their helpless prey make haste.

THE THIRD PART.

14 TO thee, O God of hosts, we pray;
Thy wonted goodness, Lord, renew;

From heav'n, thy throne, this vine survey,
And her sad state with pity view.
15 Behold the vineyard made by thee,
Which thy right hand did guard so long;
And keep that branch from danger free,
Which for thyself thou mad'st so strong.

16 To wasting flames 'tis made a prey,
And all its spreading boughs cut down,
At thy rebuke they soon decay,
And perish at thy dreadful frown.
17 Crown thou the king with good success,
By thy right hand secur'd from wrong:
The son of man in mercy bless,
Whom for thyself thou mad'st so strong.

18 So shall we still continue free
From whatsoe'er deserves thy blame;
And, if once more reviv'd by thee,
Will always praise thy holy Name.
19 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou
The lustre of thy face display;
And all the ills we suffer now,
Like scatter'd clouds, shall pass away.

PSALM LXXXI.

TO God, our never-failing strength,
With loud applauses sing;
And jointly make a cheerful noise
To Jacob's awful King.
2 Compose a hymn of praise, and touch
Your instruments of joy,
Let psalteries and pleasant harps
Your grateful skill employ.

3 Let trumpets at the great new moon
Their joyful voices raise,
To celebrate th' appointed time,
The solemn day of praise.
4 For this a statute was of old,
Which Jacob's God decreed,
To be with pious care observ'd
By Israel's chosen seed.

5 This he for a memorial fix'd,
When, freed from Egypt's land,
Strange nations' barb'rous speech we heard,
But could not understand.
6 Your burden'd shoulders I reliev'd,
(Thus seems our God to say,)
Your servile hands by me were freed
From lab'ring in the clay.

7 Your ancestors, with wrongs oppress'd,
To me for aid did call:
With pity I their suff'rings saw,
And set them free from all.
They sought for me, and from the cloud
In thunder I replied;
At Meribah's contentious stream
Their faith and duty tried.

THE SECOND PART.

8 WHILE I my solemn will declare,
My chosen people, hear;
If thou, O Israel, to my words
Wilt lend thy list'ning ear,

9 Then shall no god besides myself
Within thy coasts be found,
Nor shalt thou worship any god
Of all the nations round.
10 The Lord thy God am I, who thee
Brought forth from Egypt's land:
'Tis I that all thy just desires
Supply with lib'ral hand.
11 But they, my chosen race, refus'd
To hearken to my voice;
Nor would rebellious Israel's sons
Make me their happy choice.

12 So I, provok'd, resign'd them up
To ev'ry lust a prey,
And in their own perverse designs
Permitted them to stray.
13 O that my people wisely would
My just commandments heed,
And Israel in my righteous ways
With pious care proceed!

14 Then should my heavy judgments fall
On all that them oppose,
And my avenging hand be turn'd
Against their num'rous foes.
15 Their enemies and mine should all
Before my footstool bend;
But as for them, their happy state
Should never know an end.

16 All parts with plenty should abound;
With finest wheat their field:
The barren rocks, to please their taste,
Should richest honey yield.

PSALM LXXXII.

GOD in the great assembly stands,
Where his impartial eye
In state surveys the earthly gods,
And does their judgments try.
2, 3 How dare you then unjustly judge,
Or be to sinners kind?
Defend the orphans and the poor,
Let such your justice find.

4 Protect the humble helpless man,
Reduc'd to deep distress,
And let not him become a prey
To such as would oppress.
5 They neither know, nor will they learn,
But blindly rove and stray;
Justice and truth, the world's support,
Through all the land decay.

6 Well then might God in anger say,
"I've call'd you by my Name;
"I've said, Ye're gods, and all allied
"To the most High in fame.
7 "But ne'ertheless your unjust deeds
"To strict account I'll call;
"You all shall die like common men,
"Like other tyrants fall."

8 Arise, and thy just judgments, Lord,
Throughout the earth display;
And all the nations of the world
Shall own thy righteous sway.

PSALM LXXXIII.

HOLD not thy peace, O Lord our God,
No longer silent be;
Nor with consenting quiet looks
Our ruin calmly see.
2 For lo! the tumults of thy foes
O'er all the land are spread;
And those who hate thy saints and thee
Lift up their threat'ning head.
3 Against thy zealous people, Lord,
They craftily combine;
And to destroy thy chosen saints
Have laid their close design.
4 "Come, let us cut them off," say they,
"Their nation quite deface;
"That no remembrance may remain
"Of Israel's hated race."
5 Thus they against thy people's peace
Consult with one consent;
And diff'ring nations, jointly leagu'd,
Their common malice vent.
6 The Ishmaelites, that dwell in tents,
With warlike Edom join'd,
And Moab's sons, our ruin vow,
With Hagar's race combin'd.
7 Proud Ammon's offspring, Gebal too,
With Amalek conspire;
The lords of Palestine, and all
The wealthy sons of Tyre.
8 All these the strong Assyrian king
Their firm ally have got;
Who with a pow'rful army aids
Th' incestuous race of Lot.

THE SECOND PART.

9 BUT let such vengeance come to them,
As once to Midian came;
To Jabin and proud Sisera,
At Kishon's fatal stream.
10 When thy right hand their num'rous hosts
Near Endor did confound;
And left their carcases for dung
To feed the hungry ground.
11 Let all their mighty men the fate
Of Zeeb and Oreb share;
As Zebah and Zalmunna, so
Let all their princes fare:
12 Who, with the same design inspir'd,
Thus vainly boasting spake,
"In firm possession for ourselves
"Let us God's houses take."
13 To ruin let them haste, like wheels
Which downwards swiftly move;
Like chaff before the wind, let all
Their scatter'd forces prove.
14, 15 As flames consume dry wood or heath
That on parch'd mountains grows,
So let thy fierce pursuing wrath
With terror strike thy foes.
16, 17 Lord, shroud their faces with disgrace,
That they may own thy Name;
Or them confound, whose harden'd hearts
Thy gentler means disclaim.
18 So shall the wond'ring world confess,
That thou, who claim'st alone
Jehovah's Name, o'er all the earth
Hast rais'd thy lofty throne.

PSALM LXXXIV.

O GOD of hosts, the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place
Where thou, enthron'd in glory, shew'st
The brightness of thy face!
2 My longing soul faints with desire
To view thy blest abode;
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For thee, the living God.
3 The birds, more happy far than I,
Around thy temple throng;
Securely there they build, and there
Securely hatch their young.
4 O Lord of hosts, my King and God,
How highly blest are they,
Who in thy temple always dwell,
And there thy praise display!
5 Thrice happy they, whose choice has thee
Their sure protection made;
Who long to tread the sacred ways
That to thy dwelling lead!
6 Who pass through Baca's thirsty vale,
Yet no refreshment want;
Their pools are fill'd with rain, which thou
At their request dost grant.
7 Thus they proceed from strength to strength,
And still approach more near,
Till all on Sion's holy mount
Before their God appear.
8 O Lord, the mighty God of hosts,
My just request regard;
Thou God of Jacob, let my pray'r
Be still with favour heard.
9 Behold, O God, for thou alone
Canst timely aid dispense;
On thy anointed servant look,
Be thou his strong defence:
10 For in thy courts one single day
'Tis better to attend,
Than, Lord, in any place besides
A thousand days to spend.
Much rather in God's house will I
The meanest office take,
Than in the wealthy tents of sin
My pompous dwelling make.
11 For God, who is our sun and shield,
Will grace and glory give;
And no good thing will he withhold
From them that justly live.
12 Thou God whom heav'nly hosts obey,
How highly blest is he,
Whose hope and trust, securely plac'd,
Is still repos'd on thee!

PSALM LXXXV.

LORD, thou hast granted to thy land
The favours we implor'd,
And faithful Jacob's captive race
Hast graciously restor'd.
2, 3 Thy people's sins thou hast absolv'd,
And all their guilt defac'd;
Thou hast not let thy wrath flame on,
Nor thy fierce anger last.

4 O God our Saviour, all our hearts
To thy obedience turn;
That, quench'd with our repenting tears,
Thy wrath no more may burn.
5, 6 For why should'st thou be angry still,
And wrath so long retain?
Revive us, Lord, and let thy saints
Thy wonted comfort gain.

7 Thy gracious favour, Lord, display,
Which we have long implor'd;
And, for thy wondrous mercy's sake,
Thy wonted aid afford.
8 God's answer patiently I'll wait;
For he with glad success,
(If they no more to folly turn,)
His mourning saints will bless.

9 To all that fear his holy Name
His sure salvation's near;
And in its former happy state
Our nation shall appear.
10 For mercy now with truth is join'd,
And righteousness with peace,
Like kind companions absent long,
With friendly arms embrace.

11, 12 Truth from the earth shall spring, whilst heav'n
Shall streams of justice pour;
And God, from whom all goodness flows,
Shall endless plenty show'r.
13 Before him righteousness shall march,
And his just paths prepare;
Whilst we his holy steps pursue,
With constant zeal and care.

PSALM LXXXVI.

TO my complaint, O Lord my God,
Thy gracious ear incline:
Hear me, distress'd, and destitute
Of all relief but thine.
2 Do thou, O God, preserve my soul,
That does thy Name adore;
Thy servant keep, and him, whose trust
Relies on thee, restore.

3 To me, who daily thee invoke,
Thy mercy, Lord, extend;
4 Refresh thy servant's soul, whose hopes
On thee alone depend.
5 Thou, Lord, art good; nor only good,
But prompt to pardon too;
Of plenteous mercy to all those
Who for thy mercy sue.

6 To my repeated humble pray'r,
O Lord, attentive be;
7 When troubled I on thee will call,
For thou wilt answer me.

8 Among the gods there's none like thee,
O Lord, alone divine!
To thee as much inferior they,
As are their works to thine.

9 Therefore their great Creator thee
The nations shall adore,
Their long misguided pray'rs and praise
To thy blest Name restore.
10 All shall confess thee great, and great
The wonders thou hast done:
Confess thee God, the God supreme;
Confess thee God alone.

THE SECOND PART.

11 TEACH me thy way, O Lord, and I
From truth shall ne'er depart;
In rev'rence to thy sacred Name
Devoutly fix my heart.
12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,
Praise thee with heart sincere;
And to thy everlasting Name
Eternal trophies rear.

13 Thy boundless mercy shown to me
Transcends my pow'r to tell,
For thou hast oft redeem'd my soul
From lowest depths of hell.
14 O God, the sons of pride and strife
Have my destruction sought,
Regardless of thy pow'r, that oft
Has my deliv'rance wrought.

15 But thou thy constant goodness didst
To my assistance bring;
Of patience, mercy, and of truth,
Thou everlasting spring!
16 O bounteous Lord, thy grace and strength
To me thy servant show;
Thy kind protection, Lord, on me,
Thine handmaid's son, bestow.

17 Some signal give, which my proud foes
May see with shame and rage,
When thou, O Lord, for my relief
And comfort dost engage.

PSALM LXXXVII.

GOD's temple crowns the holy mount,
The Lord there condescends to dwell;
2 His Sion's gates, in his account,
Our Israel's fairest tents excel.
3 Fame glorious things of thee shall sing,
O city of th' Almighty King!

4 I'll mention Rahab with due praise,
In Babylon's applauses join;
The fame of Ethiopia raise,
With that of Tyre and Palestine;
And grant that some amongst them born
Their age and country did adorn.

5, 6 But still of Sion I'll aver,
That many such from her proceed;
Th' Almighty shall establish her:
His gen'ral list shall show, when read,
That such a person there was born,
And such did such an age adorn.

7 He'll Sion find with numbers fill'd
Of such as merit high renown;
For hand and voice musicians skill'd,
And, her transcending fame to crown,
Of such she shall successions bring,
Like waters from a living spring.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

TO thee, my God and Saviour, I
By day and night address my cry;
2 Vouchsafe my mournful voice to hear,
To my distress incline thine ear:
3 For seas of trouble me invade,
My soul draws nigh to death's cold shade;
4 Like one whose strength and hopes are fled,
They number me among the dead.
5 Like those who, shrouded in the grave,
From thee no more remembrance have;
6 Cast off from thy sustaining care
Down to the confines of despair.
7 Thy wrath has hard upon me lain,
Afflicting we with restless pain:
Me all thy mountain-waves have prest,
Too weak, alas! to bear the least.
8 Remov'd from friends, I sigh alone
In a loath'd dungeon laid, where none
A visit will vouchsafe to me,
Confin'd, past hopes of liberty.
9 My eyes from weeping never cease,
They waste, but still my griefs increase;
Yet daily, Lord, to thee I pray'd,
With outstretch'd hands invok'd thy aid.
10 Wilt thou by miracles revive
The dead, whom thou forsook'st alive?
From death restore, thy praise to sing,
Whom thou from prison would'st not bring?
11 Shall the mute grave thy love confess?
A mould'ring tomb thy faithfulness?
12 Thy truth and pow'r renown obtain,
Where darkness and oblivion reign?
13 To thee, O Lord, I cry, forlorn;
My pray'r prevents the early morn.
14 Why hast thou, Lord, my soul forsook,
Nor once vouchsaf'd a gracious look?
15 Prevailing sorrows bear me down,
Which from my youth with me have grown;
Thy terrors past distract my mind,
And fears of blacker days behind.
16 Thy wrath hath burst upon my head,
Thy terrors fill my soul with dread;
17 Environ'd as with waves combin'd,
And for a gen'ral deluge join'd.
18 My lovers, friends, familiars, all
Remov'd from sight, and out of call;
To dark oblivion all retir'd,
Dead, or at least to me expir'd.

PSALM LXXXIX.

THY mercies, Lord, shall be my song,
My song on them shall ever dwell;
To ages yet unborn my tongue
Thy never-failing truth shall tell.
2 I have affirm'd, and still maintain,
Thy mercy shall for ever last;
Thy truth, that does the heav'ns sustain,
Like them shall stand for ever fast.
3 Thus spak'st thou by the prophet's voice,
"With David I a league have made;
"To him, my servant and my choice,
"By solemn oath this grant convey'd:
4 "While earth and seas, and skies endure,
"Thy seed shall in my sight remain;
"To them thy throne I will ensure;
"They shall to endless ages reign."
5 For such stupendous truth and love
Both heav'n and earth just praises owe,
By choirs of angels sung above,
And by assembled saints below.
6 What seraph of celestial birth
To vie with Israel's God shall dare?
Or who among the gods of earth
With our Almighty Lord compare?
7 With rev'rence and religious dread
His saints should to his temple press;
His fear through all their hearts should spread,
Who his Almighty Name confess.
8 Lord God of armies, who can boast
Of strength or pow'r like thine renown'd?
Of such a num'rous faithful host,
As that which does thy throne surround?
9 Thou dost the lawless sea control,
And change the prospect of the deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll;
Thou mak'st the rolling billows sleep.
10 Thou brak'st in pieces Rahab's pride,
And didst oppressing pow'r disarm;
Thy scatter'd foes have dearly tried
The force of thy resistless arm.
11 In thee the sov'reign right remains
Of earth and heav'n; thee, Lord, alone
The world, and all that it contains,
Their maker and preserver own.
12 The poles on which the globe doth rest
Were form'd by thy creating voice;
Tabor and Hermon, east and west,
In thy sustaining pow'r rejoice.
13 Thy arm is mighty, strong thy hand,
Yet, Lord, thou dost with justice reign;
14 Possess'd of absolute command,
Thou truth and mercy dost maintain.
15 Happy, thrice happy, they who hear
Thy sacred trumpet's joyful sound;
Who may at festivals appear,
With thy most glorious presence crown'd.
16 Thy saints shall always be o'erjoy'd,
Who on thy sacred Name rely;

And, in thy righteousness employ'd,
Above their foes be rais'd on high.
17 For in thy strength they shall advance,
Whose conquests from thy favour spring;
18 The Lord of hosts is our defence,
And Israel's God our Israel's King.
19 Thus spak'st thou by the prophet's voice:
"A mighty champion I will send;
"From Judah's tribe have I made choice
"Of one who shall the rest defend.
20 "My servant David I have found,
"With holy oil anointed him;
21 "Him shall the hand support that crown'd,
"And guard that gave the diadem.
22 "No prince from him shall tribute force,
"No son of strife shall him annoy;
23 "His spiteful foes I will disperse,
"And them before his face destroy.
24 "My truth and grace shall him sustain;
"His armies, in well-order'd ranks,
25 "Shall conquer from the Tyrian main,
"To Tigris and Euphrates' banks.
26 "Me for his father he shall take,
"His God and rock of safety call;
27 "Him I my first-born son will make,
"And earthly kings his subjects all.
28 "To him my mercy I'll secure,
"My cov'nant make for ever fast:
29 "His seed for ever shall endure;
"His throne, till heav'n dissolves, shall last.

THE SECOND PART.

30 "BUT if his heirs my law forsake,
"And from my sacred precepts stray;
31 "If they my righteous statutes break,
"Nor strictly my commands obey:
32 "Their sins I'll visit with a rod,
"And for their folly make them smart;
33 "Yet will not cease to be their God,
"Nor from my truth, like them, depart.
34 "My cov'nant I will ne'er revoke,
"But in remembrance fast retain:
"The thing that once my lips have spoke
"Shall in eternal force remain.
35 "Once have I sworn, but once for all,
"And made my holiness the tie,
"That I my grant will ne'er recall,
"Nor to my servant David lie.
36 "Whose throne and race the constant sun
"Shall, like his course, establish'd see;
37 "Of this my oath, thou conscious moon,
"In heav'n my faithful witness be."
38 Such was thy gracious promise, Lord;
But thou hast now our tribes forsook;
Thy own anointed hast abhorr'd,
And turn'd on him thy wrathful look.
39 Thou seemest to have render'd void
The cov'nant with thy servant made;
Thou hast his dignity destroy'd,
And in the dust his honour laid.
40 Of strong holds thou hast him bereft,
And brought his bulwarks to decay;
41 His frontier coasts defenceless left,
A publick scorn and common prey.
42 His ruin does glad triumphs yield
To foes advanc'd by thee to might;
43 Thou hast his conqu'ring sword unsteel'd,
His valour turn'd to shameful flight.
44 His glory is to darkness fled,
His throne is levell'd with the ground;
45 His youth to wretched bondage led,
With shame o'erwhelm'd and sorrow drown'd.
46 How long shall we thy absence mourn?
Wilt thou for ever, Lord, retire?
Shall thy consuming anger burn,
Till that and we at once expire?
47 Consider, Lord, how short a space
Thou dost for mortal life ordain;
No method to prolong the race,
But loading it with grief and pain?
48 What man is he that can control
Death's strict unalterable doom?
Or rescue from the grave his soul,
The grave that must mankind entomb?
49 Lord, where's thy love, thy boundless grace,
The oath to which thy truth did seal,
Consign'd to David and his race,
The grant which time should ne'er repeal?
50 See how thy servants treated are
With infamy, reproach, and spite;
Which in my silent breast I bear
From nations of licentious might.
51 How they, reproaching thy great Name,
Have made thy servant's hope their jest,
52 Yet thy just praises we'll proclaim,
And ever sing, The Lord be blest.
Amen, Amen.

PSALM XC.

O LORD, the saviour and defence
Of us thy chosen race,
From age to age thou still hast been
Our sure abiding place.
2 Before thou brought'st the mountains forth,
Or th' earth and world didst frame,
Thou always wert the mighty God,
And ever art the same.
3 Thou turnest man, O Lord, to dust,
Of which he first was made;
And when thou speak'st the word, "Return,"
'Tis instantly obey'd.

4 For in thy sight a thousand years
Are like a day that's past,
Or like a watch in dead of night,
Whose hours unminded waste.

5 Thou sweep'st us off as with a flood,
We vanish hence like dreams;
At first we grow like grass that feels
The sun's reviving beams:

6 But howsoever fresh and fair
Its morning beauty shows;
'Tis all cut down and wither'd quite
Before the ev'ning close.

7, 8 We by thine anger are consum'd,
And by thy wrath dismay'd:
Our publick crimes and secret sins
Before thy sight are laid.

9 Beneath thy anger's sad effects
Our drooping days we spend;
Our unregarded years break off,
Like tales that quickly end.

10 Our term of life is seventy years,
An age that few survive;
But if, with more than common strength,
To eighty we arrive;
Yet then our boasted strength decays,
To sorrow turn'd, and pain:
So soon the slender thread is cut,
And we no more remain.

THE SECOND PART.

11 BUT who thy anger's dread effects
Does, as he ought, revere?
And yet thy wrath does fall or rise,
As more or less we fear.

12 So teach us, Lord, th' uncertain sum
Of our short days to mind,
That to true wisdom all our hearts
May ever be inclin'd.

13 O to thy servants, Lord, return,
And speedily relent!
As we of our misdeeds, do thou
Of our just doom repent.

14 To satisfy and cheer our souls
Thy early mercy send;
That we may all our days to come
In joy and comfort spend.

15 Let happy times, with large amends,
Dry up our former tears,
Or equal at the least the term
Of our afflicted years.

16 To all thy servants, Lord, let this
Thy wondrous work be known,
And to our offspring yet unborn
Thy glorious pow'r be shown.

17 Let thy bright rays upon us shine;
Give thou our work success:
The glorious work we have in hand
Do thou vouchsafe to bless.

PSALM XCI.

HE that has God his guardian made,
Shall under th' Almighty's shade
Secure and undisturb'd abide.

2 Thus to my soul of him I'll say,
He is my fortress and my stay,
My God, in whom I will confide.

3 His tender love and watchful care
Shall free thee from the fowler's snare,
And from the noisome pestilence:

4 He over thee his wings shall spread,
And cover thy unguarded head;
His truth shall be thy strong defence.

5 No terrors that surprise by night
Shall thy undaunted courage fright,
Nor deadly shafts that fly by day;

6 Nor plague of unknown rise, that kills
In darkness, nor infectious ills
That in the hottest season slay.

7 A thousand at thy side shall die,
At thy right hand ten thousand lie,
While thy firm health untouch'd remains;

8 Thou only shalt look on and see
The wicked's dismal tragedy,
And count the sinner's mournful gains.

9 Because, with well-plac'd confidence,
Thou mak'st the Lord thy sure defence,
And on the Highest dost rely;

10 Therefore no ill shall thee befall,
Nor to thy healthful dwelling shall
Any infectious plague draw nigh.

11 For he, throughout thy happy days,
To keep thee safe in all thy ways
Shall give his angels strict commands;

12 And they, lest thou should'st chance to meet
With some rough stone to wound thy feet.
Shall bear thee safely in their hands.

13 Dragons and asps, that thirst for blood,
And lions roaring for their food.
Beneath his conqu'ring feet shall lie;

14 Because he lov'd and honour'd me,
Therefore, says God, I'll set him free,
And fix his glorious throne on high.

15 He'll call; I'll answer, when he calls,
And rescue him when ill befalls;
Increase his honour and his wealth:

16 And when with undisturb'd content
His long and happy life is spent,
His end I'll crown with saving health.

PSALM XCII.

HOW good and pleasant must it be
To thank the Lord most high;
And with repeated hymns of praise
His Name to magnify!

2 With every morning's early dawn
His goodness to relate;
And of his constant truth each night
The glad effects repeat!

3 To ten-string'd instruments we'll sing,
With tuneful psalteries join'd;
And to the harp with solemn sounds,
For sacred use design'd.

4 For through thy wondrous works, O Lord,
Thou mak'st my heart rejoice;
The thoughts of them shall make me glad,
And shout with cheerful voice.

5, 6 How wondrous are thy works, O Lord!
How deep are thy decrees!
Whose winding tracks, in secret laid,
No stupid sinner sees.
7 He little thinks, when wicked men,
Like grass, look fresh and gay,
How soon their short-liv'd splendour
For ever pass away. [must
8, 9 But thou, my God, art still most high,
And all thy lofty foes,
Who thought they might securely sin,
Shall be o'erwhelm'd with woes.
10 Whilst thou exalt'st my sov'reign pow'r,
And mak'st it largely spread;
And with refreshing oil anoint'st
My consecrated head:
11 I soon shall see my stubborn foes
To utter ruin brought,
And hear the dismal end of those
Who have against me fought.
12 But righteous men, like fruitful palms,
Shall make a glorious show;
As cedars that in Lebanon
In stately order grow.
13, 14 These, planted in the house of God,
Within his courts shall thrive;
Their vigour and their lustre both
Shall in old age revive.
15 Thus will the Lord his justice show;
And God, my strong defence,
Shall due rewards to all the world
Impartially dispense.

PSALM XCIII.

WITH glory clad, with strength array'd,
The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundations strongly laid,
And the vast fabrick still sustains.
2 How surely stablish'd is thy throne,
Which shall no change or period see!
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.
3, 4 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss the troubled waves on high;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.
5 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure,
And they that in thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

PSALM XCIV.

1, 2 O GOD, to whom revenge belongs,
Thy vengeance now disclose;
Arise, thou Judge of all the earth,
And crush thy haughty foes.
3, 4 How long, O Lord, shall sinful men
Their solemn triumphs make?
How long their wicked actions boast,
And insolently speak?
5, 6 Not only they thy saints oppress,
But, unprovok'd, they spill
The widow's and the stranger's blood,
And helpless orphans kill.
7 "And yet the Lord shall ne'er perceive,
(Profanely thus they speak,)
"Nor any notice of our deeds
"The God of Jacob take."
8 At length, ye stupid fools, your wants
Endeavour to discern;
In folly will you still proceed,
And wisdom never learn?
9, 10 Can he be deaf, who form'd the ear?
Or blind, who frain'd the eye?
Shall earth's great Judge not punish
Who his known will defy? [those
11 He fathoms all the thoughts of men,
To him their hearts lie bare;
His eye surveys them all, and sees
How vain their counsels are.

THE SECOND PART.

12 BLESS'D is the man, whom thou, O Lord,
In kindness dost chastise,
And by thy sacred rules to walk
Dost lovingly advise.
13 This man shall rest and safety find
In seasons of distress,
Whilst God prepares a pit for those
That stubbornly transgress.
14 For God will never from his saints
His favour wholly take;
His own possession and his lot
He will not quite forsake.
15 The world shall then confess thee just
In all that thou hast done;
And those that choose thy upright ways
Shall in those paths go on.
16 Who will appear in my behalf
When wicked men invade?
Or who, when sinners would oppress,
My righteous cause shall plead?
17, 18, 19 Long since had I in silence slept,
But that the Lord was near,
To stay me when I slipt: when sad,
My troubled heart to cheer.
20 Wilt thou, who art a God most just,
Their sinful throne sustain,
Who make the law a fair pretence
Their wicked ends to gain?
21 Against the lives of righteous men
They form their close design;
And, blood of innocents to spill,
In solemn league combine.
22 But my defence is firmly plac'd
In God the Lord most high;
He is my rock, to which I may
For refuge always fly.
23 The Lord shall cause their ill designs
On their own heads to fall;
He in their sins shall cut them off,
Our God shall slay them all.

PSALM XCV.

O COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King;

For we our voices high should raise
When our salvation's rock we praise.
2 Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favours past;
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his Name belongs.

3 For God, the Lord, enthron'd in state,
Is with unrivall'd glory great;
A King, superior far to all,
Whom gods the heathen falsely call.
4 The depths of earth are in his hand,
Her secret wealth at his command;
The strength of hills that reach the skies
Subjected to his empire lies.

5 The rolling ocean's vast abyss
By the same sov'reign right is his;
'Tis mov'd by his Almighty hand,
That form'd and fix'd the solid land.
6 O let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Down on our knees devoutly all
Before the Lord our Maker fall.

7 For he's our God, our Shepherd he,
His flock and pasture sheep are we;
If then you'll (like his flock,) draw near,
To-day, if you his voice will hear,
8 Let not your harden'd hearts renew
Your fathers' crimes and judgments too;
Nor here provoke my wrath, as they
In desert plains of Meribah.

9 When through the wilderness they mov'd,
And me with fresh temptations prov'd,
They still, through unbelief, rebell'd,
While they my wondrous works beheld.
10 They forty years my patience griev'd,
Though daily I their wants reliev'd;
Then,—'Tis a faithless race, I said,
Whose heart from me has always stray'd.

11 They ne'er will tread my righteous path;
Therefore to them, in settled wrath,
Since they despis'd my rest, I sware
That they should never enter there.

PSALM XCVI.

SING to the Lord a new-made song;
Let earth, in one assembled throng,
Her common Patron's praise resound.
2 Sing to the Lord, and bless his Name,
From day to day his praise proclaim,
Who us has with salvation crown'd.
3 To heathen lands his fame rehearse,
His wonders to the universe.

4 He's great, and greatly to be prais'd:
In majesty and glory rais'd
Above all other deities.
5 For pageantry and idols all
Are they whom gods the heathen call;
He only rules who made the skies.
6 With majesty and honour crown'd,
Beauty and strength his throne surround.

7 Be therefore both to him restor'd,
By you who have false gods ador'd;
Ascribe due honour to his Name:
8 Peace-off'rings on his altar lay,
Before his throne your homage pay,
Which he, and he alone, can claim.
9 To worship at his sacred court
Let all the trembling world resort.

10 Proclaim aloud, Jehovah reigns,
Whose pow'r the universe sustains,
And banish'd justice will restore.
11 Let therefore heav'n new joys confess,
And heav'nly mirth let earth express;
Its loud applause the ocean roar:
Its mute inhabitants rejoice,
And for this triumph find a voice.

12 For joy let fertile valleys sing,
The cheerful groves their tribute bring,
The tuneful choir of birds awake,
13 The Lord's approach to celebrate;
Who now sets out with awful state,
His circuit through the earth to take.
From heav'n to judge the world he's come,
With justice to reward and doom.

PSALM XCVII.

JEHOVAH reigns, let all the earth
In his just government rejoice;
Let all the isles, with sacred mirth,
In his applause unite their voice.
2 Darkness and clouds of awful shade
His dazzling glory shroud in state;
Justice and truth his guards are made,
And, fix'd by his pavilion, wait.

3 Devouring fire before his face
His foes around with vengeance struck;
4 His lightnings set the world on blaze;
Earth saw it, and with terror shook.
5 The proudest hills his presence felt,
Their height nor strength could help afford;
The proudest hills like wax did melt
In presence of th' Almighty Lord.

6 The heav'ns, his righteousness to show,
With storms of fire our foes pursu'd;
And all the trembling world below
Have his descending glory view'd.
7 Confounded be their impious host,
Who make the gods to whom they pray;
All who of pageant idols boast,
To him, ye gods, your worship pay.

8 Glad Sion of thy triumph heard,
And Judah's daughters were o'erjoy'd;
Because thy righteous judgments, Lord,
Have Pagan pride and pow'r destroy'd.
9 For thou, O God, art seated high,
Above earth's potentates enthron'd;
Thou, Lord, unrivall'd in the sky,
Supreme by all the gods art own'd.

10 You, who to serve this Lord aspire,
Abhor what's ill, and truth esteem;
He'll keep his servants' souls entire,
And them from wicked hands redeem.

11 For seeds are sown of glorious light,
A future harvest for the just;
And gladness for the heart that's right,
To recompense its pious trust.

12 Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord:
Memorials of his holiness
Deep in your faithful breasts record,
And with your thankful tongues confess.

PSALM XCVIII.

SING to the Lord a new-made song,
Who wondrous things has done;
With his right hand and holy arm
The conquest he has won.

2 The Lord has through th' astonish'd world
Display'd his saving might,
And made his righteous acts appear
In all the heathen's sight.

3 Of Israel's house his love and truth
Have ever mindful been;
Wide earth's remotest parts the pow'r
Of Israel's God have seen.

4 Let therefore earth's inhabitants
Their cheerful voices raise,
And all with universal joy
Resound their Maker's praise.

5 With harp and hymn's soft melody,
Into the concert bring

6 The trumpet and shrill cornet's sound,
Before th' Almighty King.

7 Let the loud ocean roar her joy,
With all that seas contain;
The earth and her inhabitants
Join concert with the main.

8 With joy let riv'lets swell to streams,
To spreading torrents they;
And echoing vales from hill to hill
Redoubled shouts convey;

9 To welcome down the world's great Judge,
Who does with justice come,
And with impartial equity
Both to reward and doom.

PSALM XCIX.

JEHOVAH reigns, let therefore all
The guilty nations quake:
On cherubs' wings he sits enthron'd;
Let earth's foundations shake.

2 On Sion's hill he keeps his court,
His palace makes her tow'rs;
Yet thence his sov'reignty extends
Supreme o'er earthly pow'rs.

3 Let therefore all with praise address,
His great and dreadful Name;
And with his unresisted might
His holiness proclaim.

4 For truth and justice in his reign
Of strength and pow'r take place;
His judgments are with righteousness
Dispens'd to Jacob's race.

5 Therefore exalt the Lord our God,
Before his footstool fall;
And with his unresisted might
His holiness extol.

6 Moses and Aaron thus of old
Among his priests ador'd;
Among his prophets Samuel thus
His sacred Name implor'd.

Distress'd, upon the Lord they call'd,
Who ne'er their suit denied;
But, as with rev'rence they implor'd,
He graciously replied.

7 For with their camp, to guide their march,
The cloudy pillar mov'd:
They kept his laws, and to his will
Obedient servants prov'd.

8 He answer'd them, forgiving oft
His people for their sake;
And those, who rashly them oppos'd,
Did sad examples make.

9 With worship at his sacred courts
Exalt our God and Lord;
For he, who only holy is,
Alone should be ador'd.

PSALM C.

1, 2 WITH one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise.

3 Convinc'd that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

4 O enter then his temple-gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press,
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his Name with praises bless.

5 For he's the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

PSALM CI.

OF mercy's never-failing spring,
And steadfast judgment, I will sing:
And since they both to thee belong,
To thee, O Lord, address my song.

2 When, Lord, thou shalt with me reside,
Wise discipline my reign shall guide;
With blameless life myself I'll make
A pattern for my court to take.

3 No ill design will I pursue,
Nor those my fav'rites make that do.

4 Who to reproof bears no regard,
Him will I totally discard.

5 The private slanderer shall be
In publick justice doom'd by me.
From haughty looks I'll turn aside,
And mortify the heart of pride.

6 But honesty, call'd from her cell,
In splendour at my court shall dwell:
Who virtue's practice make their care,
Shall have the first preferments there.

7 No politicks shall recommend
His country's foe to be my friend:

None e'er shall to my favour rise
By flatt'ring or malicious lies.
8 All those who wicked courses take
An early sacrifice I'll make;
Cut off, destroy, till none remain
God's holy city to profane.

PSALM CII.

WHEN I pour out my soul in pray'r,
Do thou, O Lord, attend;
To thy eternal throne of grace
Let my sad cry ascend.
2 O hide not thou thy glorious face
In times of deep distress;
Incline thine ear, and, when I call,
My sorrows soon redress.

3 Each cloudy portion of my life
Like scatter'd smoke expires;
My shrivell'd bones are like a hearth
Parch'd with continual fires.
4 My heart, like grass that feels the blast
Of some infectious wind,
Does languish so with grief, that scarce
My needful food I mind.

5 By reason of my sad estate
I spend my breath in groans;
My flesh is worn away, my skin
Scarce hides my starting bones.
6 I'm like a pelican become,
That does in deserts mourn;
Or like an owl, that sits all day
On barren trees forlorn.

7 In watchings or in restless dreams
The night by me is spent,
As by those solitary birds
That lonesome roofs frequent.
8 All day by railing foes I'm made
The subject of their scorn;
Who all, possess'd with furious rage,
Have my destruction sworn.

9 When grov'ling on the ground I lie,
Oppress'd with grief and fears,
My bread is strew'd with ashes o'er,
My drink is mix'd with tears.
10 Because on me with double weight
Thy heavy wrath doth lie;
For thou, to make my fall more great,
Didst lift me up on high.

11 My days, just hast'ning to their end,
Are like an ev'ning shade;
My beauty does, like wither'd grass,
With waning lustre fade.
12 But thy eternal state, O Lord,
No length of time shall waste;
The mem'ry of thy wondrous works
From age to age shall last.

13 Thou shalt arise, and Sion view
With an unclouded face;
For now her time is come, thy own
Appointed day of grace.
14 Her scatter'd ruins by thy saints
With pity are survey'd;
They grieve to see her lofty spires
In dust and rubbish laid.

15, 16 The Name and glory of the Lord
All heathen kings shall fear;
When he shall Sion build again,
And in full state appear.
17, 18 When he regards the poor's request,
Nor slights their earnest pray'r;
Our sons, for this recorded grace,
Shall his just praise declare.

19 For God, from his abode on high,
His gracious beams display'd:
The Lord from heav'n, his lofty throne,
Has all the earth survey'd.
20 He listen'd to the captives' moans,
He heard their mournful cry,
And freed by his resistless pow'r
The wretches doom'd to die;

21 That they in Sion, where he dwells,
Might celebrate his fame,
And through the holy city sing
Loud praises to his Name.
22 When all the tribes assembling there
Their solemn vows address,
And neighb'ring lands, with glad consent,
The Lord their God confess.

23 But, ere my race is run, my strength
Through his fierce wrath decays;
He has, when all my wishes bloom'd,
Cut short my hopeful days.
24 Lord, end not thou my life, said I,
When half is scarcely past:
Thy years, from worldly changes free,
To endless ages last.

25 The strong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid;
Thy hands the beauteous arch of heaven
With wondrous skill have made.
26, 27 Whilst thou for ever shalt endure,
They soon shall pass away;
And, like a garment often worn,
Shall tarnish and decay.
Like that, when thou ordain'st their change,
To thy command they bend:
But thou continu'st still the same,
Nor have thy years an end.
28 Thou to the children of thy saints
Shalt lasting quiet give;
Whose happy race, securely fix'd,
Shall in thy presence live.

PSALM CIII.

1, 2 MY soul, inspir'd with sacred love,
God's holy Name for ever bless;
Of all his favours mindful prove,
And still thy grateful thanks express.
3, 4 'Tis he that all thy sins forgives,
And after sickness makes thee sound;
From danger he thy life retrieves,
By him with grace and mercy crown'd.
5, 6 He with good things thy mouth supplies;
Thy vigour, eagle-like, renews:
He, when the guiltless suff'rer cries,
His foe with just revenge pursues.
7 God made of old his righteous ways
To Moses and our fathers known

His works, to his eternal praise,
Were to the sons of Jacob shown.
8 The Lord abounds with tender love,
And unexampled acts of grace;
His waken'd wrath does slowly move,
His willing mercy flows apace.
9, 10 God will not always harshly chide,
But with his anger quickly part;
And loves his punishments to guide
More by his love than our desert.
11 As high as heav'n its arch extends
Above this little spot of clay,
So much his boundless love transcends
The small respects that we can pay.
12, 13 As far as 'tis from east to west,
So far has he our sins remov'd,
Who with a father's tender breast
Has such as fear him always lov'd.
14, 15 For God, who all our frame surveys,
Considers that we are but clay;
How fresh soe'er we seem, our days
Like grass or flowers must fade away.
16, 17 Whilst they are nipt with sudden blasts,
Nor can we find their former place;
God's faithful mercy ever lasts
To those that fear him, and their race.
18 This shall attend on such as still
Proceed in his appointed way;
And who not only know his will,
But to it just obedience pay.
19, 20 The Lord, the universal King,
In heav'n has fix'd his lofty throne;
To him, ye angels, praises sing,
In whose great strength his pow'r is shown.

Ye that his just commands obey,
And hear and do his sacred will,
21 Ye hosts of his, this tribute pay,
Who still what he ordains fulfil.
22 Let ev'ry creature jointly bless
The mighty Lord: and thou, my heart,
With grateful joy thy thanks express,
And in this concert bear thy part.

PSALM CIV.

BLESS God, my soul; thou, Lord, alone
Possessest empire without bounds;
With honour thou art crown'd, thy throne
Eternal majesty surrounds.
2 With light thou dost thyself enrobe,
And glory for a garment take;
Heav'n's curtains stretch beyond the globe,
Thy canopy of state to make.

3 God builds on liquid air, and forms
His palace-chambers in the skies;
The clouds his chariot are, and storms
The swift-wing'd steeds with which he flies.
4 As bright as flame, and swift as wind,
His ministers heav'n's palace fill,
To have their sundry tasks assign'd;
All proud to serve their Sovereign's will.

5, 6 Earth on her centre fix'd he set,
Her face with waters overspread,
Nor proudest mountains dar'd, as yet,
To lift above the waves their head.
7 But when thy awful face appear'd,
Th' insulting waves dispers'd; they fled,
When once thy thunder's voice they heard,
And by their haste confess'd their dread.

8 Thence up by secret tracks they creep,
And, gushing from the mountain's side,
Through valleys travel to the deep,
Appointed to receive their tide.
9 There hast thou fix'd the ocean's bounds,
The threat'ning surges to repel;
That they no more o'erpass their mounds,
Nor to a second deluge swell.

THE SECOND PART.

10 YET thence, in smaller parties drawn,
The sea recovers her lost hills;
And starting springs from ev'ry lawn
Surprise the vales with plenteous rills.
11 The fields' tame beasts are thither led,
Weary with labour, faint with drought:
And asses, on wild mountains bred,
Have sense to find these currents out.
12 There shady trees, from scorching beams,
Yield shelter to the feather'd throng:
They drink, and to the bounteous streams
Return the tribute of their song.
13 His rains from heav'n parch'd hills recruit,
That soon transmit the liquid store,
Till earth is burden'd with her fruit,
And nature's lap can hold no more.

14 Grass for our cattle to devour,
He makes the growth of ev'ry field;
Herbs for man's use, of various pow'r,
That either food or physick yield.
15 With cluster'd grapes he crowns the vine,
To cheer man's heart, opprest with cares;
Gives oil that makes his face to shine,
And corn that wasted strength repairs.

THE THIRD PART.

16 THE trees of God, without the care
Or art of man, with sap are fed;
The mountain-cedar looks as fair
As those in royal gardens bred.
17 Safe in the lofty cedar's arms
The wand'rers of the air may rest;
The hospitable pine from harms
Protects the stork, her pious guest.

18 Wild goats the craggy rock ascend,
Its tow'ring heights their fortress make,
Whose cells in labyrinths extend,
Where feebler creatures refuge take.
19 The moon's inconstant aspect shows
Th' appointed seasons of the year;
Th' instructed sun his duty knows,
His hours to rise and disappear.

20, 21 Darkness he makes the earth to shroud,
When forest beasts securely stray;
Young lions roar their wants aloud
To Providence, that sends them prey.
22 They range all night, on slaughter bent,
Till, summon'd by the rising morn,
To sculk in dens, with one consent,
The conscious ravagers return.

23 Forth to the tillage of his soil
The husbandman securely goes,
Commencing with the sun his toil,
With him returns to his repose.
24 How various, Lord, thy works are found,
For which thy wisdom we adore!
The earth is with thy treasure crown'd,
Till nature's hand can grasp no more.

THE FOURTH PART.

25 BUT still the vast unfathom'd main
Of wonders a new scene supplies;
Whose depths inhabitants contain
Of ev'ry form and ev'ry size.
26 Full-freighted ships from ev'ry port
There cut their unmolested way;
Leviathan, whom there to sport
Thou mad'st, has compass there to play.

27 These various troops of sea and land
In sense of common want agree:
All wait on thy dispensing hand,
And have their daily alms from thee.
28 They gather what thy stores disperse,
Without their trouble to provide:
Thou op'st thy hand, the universe,
The craving world, is all supplied.

29 Thou for a moment hid'st thy face,
The num'rous ranks of creatures mourn;
Thou tak'st their breath, all nature's race
Forthwith to mother earth return.
30 Again thou send'st thy Spirit forth,
T' inspire the mass with vital seed;
Nature's restor'd, and parent earth
Smiles on her new-created breed.

31 Thus through successive ages stands,
Firm fix'd, thy providential care;
Pleas'd with the work of thy own hands,
Thou dost the wastes of time repair.
32 One look of thine, one wrathful look,
Earth's panting breast with terror fills;
One touch from thee, with clouds of smoke
In darkness shrouds the proudest hills.

33 In praising God, while he prolongs
My breath, I will that breath employ;
34 And join devotion to my songs,
Sincere as is in him my joy.
35 While sinners from earth's face are hurl'd,
My soul, praise thou his holy Name,
Till with my song the list'ning world
Join concert, and his praise proclaim.

PSALM CV.

O RENDER thanks, and bless the Lord;
Invoke his sacred Name;
Acquaint the nations with his deeds,
His matchless deeds proclaim.
2 Sing to his praise, in lofty hymns
His wondrous works rehearse;
Make them the theme of your discourse,
And subject of your verse.

3 Rejoice in his Almighty Name,
Alone to be ador'd;
And let their heart o'erflow with joy
That humbly seek the Lord.
4 Seek ye the Lord, his saving strength
Devoutly still implore;
And, where he's ever present, seek
His face for evermore.

5 The wonders that his hands have wrought
Keep thankfully in mind;
The righteous statutes of his mouth,
And laws to us assign'd.
6 Know ye, his servant Abr'am's seed,
And Jacob's chosen race,
7 He's still our God, his judgments still
Throughout the earth take place.

8 His cov'nant he hath kept in mind
For num'rous ages past;
Which yet for thousand ages more
In equal force shall last.
9 First sign'd to Abr'am, next by oath
To Isaac made secure;
10 To Jacob and his heirs a law
For ever to endure.

11 That Canaan's land should be their lot,
When yet but few they were;
12 But few in number, and those few
All friendless strangers there.
13 In pilgrimage from realm to realm
Securely they remov'd;
14 Whilst proudest monarchs for their sakes
Severely he reprov'd.

15 "These mine anointed are, (said he,)
"Let none my servants wrong;
"Nor treat the poorest prophet ill,
"That does to me belong."
16 A dearth at last, by his command,
Did through the land prevail;
Till corn, the chief support of life,
Sustaining corn did fail.

17 But his indulgent providence
Had pious Joseph sent,
Sold into Egypt, but their death
Who sold him to prevent.

18 His feet with heavy chains were crush'd,
With calumny his fame;
19 Till God's appointed time and word
To his deliv'rance came.
20 The king his sov'reign order sent,
And rescu'd him with speed;
Whom private malice had confin'd,
The people's ruler freed.
21 His court, revenues, realm, were all
Subjected to his will;
22 His greatest princes to control,
And teach his statesmen skill.

THE SECOND PART.

23 TO Egypt then, invited guests,
Half-famish'd Israel came;
And Jacob held, by royal grant,
The fertile soil of Ham.
24 Th' Almighty there with such increase
His people multiplied,
Till with their proud oppressors they
In strength and number vied.
25 Their vast increase th' Egyptians' hearts
With jealous anger fir'd,
Till they his servants to destroy
By treach'rous arts conspir'd.
26 His servant Moses then he sent,
His chosen Aaron too;
27 Empower'd with signs and miracles
To prove their mission true.
28 He call'd for darkness, darkness came;
Nature his summons knew;
29 Each stream and lake, transform'd to blood,
The wand'ring fishes slew.
30 In putrid floods, throughout the land,
The pest of frogs was bred;
From noisome fens sent up to croak
At Pharaoh's board and bed.
31 He gave the sign, and swarms of flies
Came down in cloudy hosts,
Whilst earth's enliven'd dust below
Bred lice through all their coasts.
32 He sent them batt'ring hail for rain,
And fire for cooling dew;
33 He smote their vines and forest plants,
And gardens' pride o'erthrew.
34 He spake the word, and locusts came,
With caterpillars join'd;
They prey'd upon the poor remains
The storm had left behind.
35 From trees to herbage they descend,
No verdant thing they spare;
But, like the naked fallow field,
Leave all the pastures bare.
36 From fields to villages and towns
Commission'd vengeance flew;
One fatal stroke their eldest hopes
And strength of Egypt slew.
37 He brought his servants forth, enrich'd
With Egypt's borrow'd wealth;
And, what transcends all treasures else,
Enrich'd with vig'rous health.
38 Egypt rejoic'd, in hopes to find
Her plagues with them remov'd;
Taught dearly now to fear worse ills
By those already prov'd.
39 Their shrouding canopy by day
A journeying cloud was spread;
A fiery pillar all the night
Their desert marches led.
40 They long'd for flesh, with ev'ning quails
He furnish'd ev'ry tent;
From heav'n's own granary, each morn,
The bread of angels sent.
41 He smote the rock, whose flinty breast
Pour'd forth a gushing tide;
Whose flowing stream, where'er they march'd,
The desert's drought supplied.
42 For still he did on Abr'am's faith
And ancient league reflect;
43 He brought his people forth with joy,
With triumph his elect.
44 Quite rooting out their heathen foes
From Canaan's fertile soil,
To them in cheap possession gave
The fruit of others' toil.
45 That they his statutes might observe,
His sacred laws obey;
For benefits so vast let us
Our songs of praise repay.

PSALM CVI.

O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.
2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?
3 Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy judgments never stray:
Who know what's right, not only so,
But always practise what they know.
4 Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford:
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.
5 O may I worthy prove to see
Thy saints in full prosperity!
That I the joyful choir may join,
And count thy people's triumph mine.
6 But ah! can we expect such grace,
Of parents vile the viler race;
Who their misdeeds have acted o'er,
And with new crimes increas'd the score?
7 Ungrateful, they no longer thought
On all his works in Egypt wrought;
The Red sea they no sooner view'd
But they their base distrust renew'd.
8 Yet he, to vindicate his Name,
Once more to their deliv'rance came,
To make his sov'reign pow'r be known,
That he is God, and he alone.
9 To right and left, at his command,
The parting deep disclos'd her sand;

Where firm and dry the passage lay,
As through some parch'd and desert way.
10 Thus rescu'd from their foes they were,
Who closely press'd upon their rear;
11 Whose rage pursu'd them to those waves,
That prov'd the rash pursuers' graves.
12 The wat'ry mountains' sudden fall
O'erwhelm'd proud Pharaoh, host and all;
This proof did stupid Israel move
To own God's truth, and praise his love.

THE SECOND PART.

13 BUT soon these wonders they forgot,
And for his counsel waited not;
14 But, lusting in the wilderness,
Did him with fresh temptations press.
15 Strong food at their request he sent,
But made their sin their punishment:
16 Yet still his saints they did oppose,
The priest and prophet whom he chose.
17 But earth, the quarrel to decide,
Her vengeful jaws extending wide,
Rash Dathan to her centre drew,
With proud Abiram's factious crew.
18 The rest of those who did conspire
To kindle wild sedition's fire,
With all their impious train, became
A prey to heav'n's devouring flame.
19 Near Horeb's mount a calf they made,
And to the molten image pray'd;
20 Adoring what their hands did frame,
They chang'd their glory to their shame.
21 Their God and Saviour they forgot,
And all his works in Egypt wrought;
22 His signs in Ham's astonish'd coast,
And where proud Pharaoh's troops were lost.
23 Thus urg'd, his vengeful hand he rear'd,
But Moses in the breach appear'd;
The saint did for the rebels pray,
And turn'd Heav'n's kindled wrath away.
24 Yet they his pleasant land despis'd,
Nor his repeated promise priz'd;
25 Nor did th' Almighty's voice obey,
But when God said, Go up, would stay.
26, 27 This seal'd their doom without redress,
To perish in the wilderness;
Or else to be by heathen hands
O'erthrown, and scatter'd through the lands.

THE THIRD PART.

28 YET, unreclaim'd, this stubborn race
Baal-peor's worship did embrace;
Became his impious guests, and fed
On sacrifices to the dead.
29 Thus they persisted to provoke
God's vengeance to the final stroke;
'Tis come;—the deadly pest is come,
To execute their gen'ral doom.
30 But Phinehas, fir'd with holy rage,
Th' Almighty vengeance to asswage,
Did, by two bold offenders' fall,
Th' atonement make, that ransom'd all.
31 As him a heav'nly zeal had mov'd,
So Heav'n the zealous act approv'd;
To him confirming, and his race,
The priesthood he so well did grace.
32 At Meribah God's wrath they mov'd,
Who Moses for their sakes reprov'd;
33 Whose patient soul they did provoke,
Till rashly the meek prophet spoke.
34 Nor, when possess'd of Canaan's land,
Did they perform their Lord's command;
Nor his commission'd sword employ
The guilty nations to destroy.
35 Nor only spar'd the Pagan crew,
But, mingling, learnt their vices too;
36 And worship to those idols paid,
Which them to fatal snares betray'd.
37, 38 To devils they did sacrifice
Their children with relentless eyes;
Approach'd their altars through a flood
Of their own sons' and daughters' blood.
No cheaper victims would appease
Canaan's remorseless deities;
No blood her idols reconcile,
But that which did the land defile.

THE FOURTH PART.

39 NOR did these savage cruelties
The harden'd reprobates suffice;
For after their hearts' lust they went,
And daily did new crimes invent.
40 But sins of such infernal hue
God's wrath against his people drew,
Till he, their once indulgent Lord,
His own inheritance abhorr'd.
41 He them, defenceless, did expose
To their insulting heathen foes;
And made them on the triumphs wait
Of those who bore them greatest hate.
42 Nor thus his indignation ceas'd:
Their list of tyrants he increas'd,
Till they, who God's mild sway declin'd,
Were made the vassals of mankind.
43 Yet when distress'd they did repent,
His anger did as oft relent;
But freed, they did his wrath provoke,
Renew'd their sins, and he their yoke.
44 Nor yet implacable he prov'd,
Nor heard their wretched cries unmov'd;
45 But did to mind his promise bring,
And mercy's inexhausted spring.
46 Compassion too he did impart
E'en to their foes' obdurate heart,
And pity for their suff'rings bred
In those who them to bondage led.
47 Still save us, Lord, and Israel's bands
Together bring from heathen lands;
So to thy Name our thanks we'll raise,
And ever triumph in thy praise.

48 Let Israel's God be ever bless'd,
His Name eternally confess'd:
Let all his saints, with full accord,
Sing loud Amens—Praise ye the Lord.

PSALM CVII.

TO God your grateful voices raise,
Who does your daily patron prove;
And let your never-ceasing praise
Attend on his eternal love.

2, 3 Let those give thanks whom he from bands
Of proud oppressing foes releas'd;
And brought them back from distant lands,
From north and south, and west and east.

4, 5 Through lonely desert ways they went,
Nor could a peopled city find;
Till, quite with thirst and hunger spent,
Their fainting soul within them pin'd.

6 Then soon to God's Indulgent ear
Did they their mournful cry address;
Who graciously vouchsaf'd to hear,
And freed them from their deep distress.

7 From crooked paths he led them forth,
And in the certain way did guide
To wealthy towns of great resort,
Where all their wants were well supplied.

8 O then that all the earth with me
Would God for this his goodness praise,
And for the mighty works which he
Throughout the wond'ring world displays!

9 For he from heav'n the sad estate
Of longing souls with pity views;
To hungry souls, that pant for meat,
His goodness daily food renews.

THE SECOND PART.

10 SOME lie, with darkness compass'd round,
In death's uncomfortable shade,
And with unwieldy fetters bound,
By pressing cares more heavy made.

11, 12 Because God's counsel they defied,
And lightly priz'd his holy word,
With these afflictions they were tried:
They fell, and none could help afford.

13 Then soon to God's indulgent ear
Did they their mournful cry address;
Who graciously vouchsaf'd to hear,
And freed them from their deep distress.

14 From dismal dungeons, dark as night,
And shades as black as death's abode,
He brought them forth to cheerful light,
And welcome liberty bestow'd.

15 O then that all the earth with me
Would God for this his goodness praise,
And for the mighty works which he
Throughout the wond'ring world displays!

16 For he with his Almighty hand
The gates of brass in pieces broke;
Nor could the massy bars withstand,
Or temper'd steel resist his stroke.

THE THIRD PART.

17 REMORSELESS wretches, void of sense,
With bold transgressions God defy,
And, for their multiplied offence,
Oppress'd with sore diseases lie.

18 Their soul, a prey to pain and fear,
Abhors to taste the choicest meats;
And they by faint degrees draw near
To death's inhospitable gates.

19 Then straight to God's Indulgent ear
Do they their mournful cry address,
Who graciously vouchsafes to hear,
And frees them from their deep distress.

20 He all their sad distempers heals,
His word both health and safety gives;
And, when all human succour fails,
From near destruction them retrieves.

21 O then that all the earth with me
Would God for this his goodness praise,
And for the mighty works which he
Throughout the wond'ring world displays!

22 With off'rings let his altar flame,
Whilst they their grateful thanks express,
And with loud joy his holy Name
For all his acts of wonder bless!

THE FOURTH PART.

23, 24 THEY that in ships, with courage bold,
O'er swelling waves their trade pursue,
Do God's amazing works behold,
And in the deep his wonders view.

25 No sooner his command is past,
But forth the dreadful tempest flies,
Which sweeps the sea with rapid haste,
And makes the stormy billows rise.

26 Sometimes the ships, toss'd up to heav'n,
On tops of mounting waves appear;
Then down the steep abyss are driv'n;
Whilst ev'ry soul dissolves with fear.

27 They reel and stagger to and fro,
Like men with fumes of wine opprest;
Nor do the skilful seamen know
Which way to steer, what course is best.

28 Then straight to God's indulgent ear
They do their mournful cry address;
Who graciously vouchsafes to hear,
And frees them from their deep distress.

29, 30 He does the raging storm appease,
And makes the billows calm and still;
With joy they see their fury cease,
And their intended course fulfil.

31 O then that all the earth with me
Would God for this his goodness praise,
And for the mighty works which he
Throughout the wond'ring world displays!

32 Let them, where all the tribes resort,
Advance to heav'n his glorious Name,
And in the elders' sov'reign court,
With one consent his praise proclaim!

THE FIFTH PART.

33, 34 A FRUITFUL land where streams abound,
God's just revenge, if people sin,
Will turn to dry and barren ground,
To punish those that dwell therein.

35, 36 The parch'd and desert heath he makes
To flow with streams and springing wells,
Which for his lot the hungry takes,
And in strong cities safely dwells.

37, 38 He sows the field, the vineyard plants,
Which gratefully his toil repay;
Nor can, whilst God his blessing grants,
His fruitful seed or stock decay.

39 But when his sins Heav'n's wrath provoke,
His health and substance fade away;
He feels th' oppressor's galling yoke,
And is of grief the wretched prey.

40 The prince who slights what God commands,
Expos'd to scorn, must quit his throne;
And over wild and desert lands,
Where no path offers, stray alone.

41 Whilst God, from all afflicting cares,
Sets up the humble man on high,
And makes in time his num'rous heirs
With his increasing flocks to vie.

42, 43 Then sinners shall have nought to say,
The just a decent joy shall show;
The wise these strange events shall weigh,
And thence God's goodness fully know.

PSALM CVIII.

O GOD, my heart is fully bent
To magnify thy Name;
My tongue with cheerful songs of praise
Shall celebrate thy fame.

2 Awake, my lute; nor thou, my harp,
Thy warbling notes delay;
Whilst I with early hymns of joy
Prevent the dawning day.

3 To all the list'ning tribes, O Lord,
Thy wonders I will tell;
And to those nations sing thy praise
That round about us dwell.

4 Because thy mercy's boundless height
The highest heav'n transcends,
And far beyond th' aspiring clouds
Thy faithful truth extends.

5 Be thou, O God, exalted high
Above the starry frame;
And let the earth, with one consent,
Confess thy glorious Name.

6 That all thy chosen people thee
Their saviour may declare:
Let thy right hand protect me still,
And answer thou my prayer.

7 Since God himself hath said the word,
Whose promise cannot fail,
With joy I Shechem shall divide,
And measure Succoth's vale.

8 Gilead is mine, Manasseh too,
And Ephraim owns my cause:
Their strength my regal pow'r supports,
And Judah gives my laws.

9 Moab I'll make my servile drudge,
On vanquish'd Edom tread;
And through the proud Philistine lands
My conqu'ring banners spread.

10 By whose support and aid shall I
Their well-fenc'd city gain?
Who will my troops securely lead
Through Edom's guarded plain?

11 Lord, wilt not thou assist our arms,
Which late thou didst forsake?
And wilt not thou of these our hosts
Once more the guidance take?

12 O, to thy servants in distress
Thy speedy succour send!
For vain it is on human aid
For safety to depend.

13 Then valiant acts shall we perform,
If thou thy pow'r disclose;
For God it is, and God alone,
That treads down all our foes.

PSALM CIX.

O GOD, whose former mercies make
My constant praise thy due,
Hold not thy peace, but my sad state
With wonted favour view.

2 For sinful men, with lying lips,
Deceitful speeches frame,
And with their studied slanders seek
To wound my spotless fame.

3 Their restless hatred prompts them still
Malicious lies to spread;
And all against my life combine,
By causeless fury led.

4 Those whom with tend'rest love I us'd,
My chief opposers are;
Whilst I, of other friends bereft,
Resort to thee by pray'r.

5 Since mischief for the good I did
Their strange reward does prove,
And hatred's the return they make
For undissembled love:

6 Their guilty leader shall be made
To some ill man a slave;
And, when he's tried, his mortal foe
For his accuser have.

7 His guilt, when sentence is pronounc'd,
Shall meet a dreadful fate,
Whilst his rejected pray'r but serves
His crimes to aggravate.

8 He, snatch'd by some untimely fate,
Sha'n't live out half his days;
Another, by divine decree,
Shall on his office seize.

9, 10 His seed shall orphans be, his wife
A widow plung'd in grief;
His vagrant children beg their bread,
Where none can give relief.
11 His ill-got riches shall be made
To usurers a prey;
The fruit of all his toil shall be
By strangers borne away.

12 None shall be found that to his wants
Their mercy will extend,
Or to his helpless orphan seed
The least assistance lend.
13 A swift destruction soon shall seize
On his unhappy race;
And the next age his hated name
Shall utterly deface.

14 The vengeance of his father's sins
Upon his head shall fall;
God on his mother's crimes shall think,
And punish him for all.
15 All these, in horrid order rank'd,
Before the Lord shall stand,
Till his fierce anger quite cuts off
Their mem'ry from the land.

THE SECOND PART.

16 BECAUSE he never mercy show'd,
But still the poor oppress'd;
And sought to slay the helpless man,
With heavy woes distress'd:
17 Therefore the curse he lov'd to vent
Shall his own portion prove;
And blessing, which he still abhorr'd,
Shall far from him remove.

18 Since he in cursing took such pride,
Like water it shall spread
Through all his veins, and stick like oil,
With which his bones are fed.
19 This, like a poison'd robe, shall still
His constant cov'ring be,
Or an envenom'd belt, from which
He never shall be free.

20 Thus shall the Lord reward all those
That ill to me design,
That with malicious false reports
Against my life combine.
21 But for thy glorious Name, O God,
Do thou deliver me;
And for thy gracious mercy's sake
Preserve and set me free.

22 For I, to utmost straits reduc'd,
Am void of all relief;
My heart is wounded with distress,
And quite pierc'd through with grief.
23 I, like an ev'ning shade, decline,
Which vanishes apace:
Like locusts, up and down I'm toss'd,
And have no certain place.

24, 25 My knees with fasting are grown
weak,
My body lank and lean;
All that behold me shake their heads,
And treat me with disdain.
26, 27 But for thy mercy's sake, O Lord,
Do thou my foes withstand;
That all may see 'tis thy own act,
The work of thy right hand.

28 Then let them curse, so thou but bless;
Let shame the portion be
Of all that my destruction seek;
While I rejoice in thee.
29 My foe shall with disgrace be cloth'd,
And, spite of all his pride,
His own confusion, like a cloke,
The guilty wretch shall hide.

30 But I to God, in grateful thanks,
My cheerful voice will raise;
And, where the great assembly meets,
Set forth his noble praise.
31 For him the poor shall always find
Their sure and constant friend;
And he shall from unrighteous dooms
Their guiltless souls defend.

PSALM CX.

THE LORD unto my Lord thus spake:
"Till I thy foes thy footstool make,
"Sit thou in state at my right hand;
2 "Supreme in Sion thou shalt be,
"And all thy proud opposers see
"Subjected to thy just command.

3 "Thee in thy pow'r's triumphant day,
"The willing nations shall obey:
"And, when thy rising beams they
view,
"Shall all (redeem'd from error's night)
"Appear as numberless and bright
"As crystal drops of morning dew."

4 The Lord hath sworn, nor sworn in vain,
That, like Melchisedech's, thy reign
And priesthood shall no period know:
5 No proud competitor to sit
At thy right hand will he permit,
But in his wrath crown'd heads o'er-
throw.

6 The sentenc'd heathen he shall slay,
And fill with carcases his way,
Till he hath struck earth's tyrants
dead:
7 But in the highway-brook shall first,
Like a poor pilgrim, slake his thirst,
And then in triumph raise his head.

PSALM CXI.

PRAISE ye the Lord; our God to
praise
My soul her utmost pow'rs shall raise,
With private friends, and in the throng
Of saints, his praise shall be my song.
2 His works for greatness though re-
nown'd,
His wondrous works with ease are found
By those who seek for them aright,
And in the pious search delight.

3 His works are all of matchless fame,
And universal glory claim;
His truth, confirm'd through ages past,
Shall to eternal ages last.
4 By precept he has us enjoin'd
To keep his wondrous works in mind;

And to posterity record,
That good and gracious is our Lord.

5 His bounty, like a flowing tide,
Has all his servants' wants supplied;
And he will ever keep in mind
His cov'nant with our fathers sign'd.

6 At once astonish'd and o'erjoy'd,
They saw his matchless pow'r employ'd;
Whereby the heathen were suppress'd,
And we their heritage possess'd.

7 Just are the dealings of his hands,
Immutable are his commands;

8 By truth and equity sustain'd,
And for eternal rules ordain'd.

9 He set his saints from bondage free,
And then establish'd his decree,
For ever to remain the same;
Holy and reverend is his Name.

10 Who wisdom's sacred prize would win,
Must with the fear of God begin;
Immortal praise and heav'nly skill
Have they, who know and do his will.

PSALM CXII.

HALLELUJAH.

THAT man is bless'd, who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law:

2 His seed on earth shall be renown'd,
And with successive honours crown'd.

3 His house, the seat of wealth, shall be
An inexhausted treasury;
His justice, free from all decay,
Shall blessings to his heirs convey.

4 The soul that's fill'd with virtue's light
Shines brightest in affliction's night:
To pity the distress'd inclin'd,
As well as just to all mankind.

5 His lib'ral favours he extends,
To some he gives, to others lends;
Yet what his charity impairs,
He saves by prudence in affairs.

6 Beset with threat'ning dangers round,
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground;
The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.

7 Ill tidings never can surprise
His heart, that fix'd on God relies:

8 On safety's rock he sits, and sees
The shipwreck of his enemies.

9 His hands, while they his alms bestow'd,
His glory's future harvest sow'd;
Whence he shall reap wealth, fame, renown,
A temp'ral and eternal crown.

10 The wicked shall his triumph see,
And gnash their teeth in agony:
While their unrighteous hopes decay,
And vanish with themselves away.

PSALM CXIII.

YE saints and servants of the Lord,
The triumphs of his Name record;

2 His sacred name for ever bless.

3 Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays,
Due praise to his great Name address.

4 God through the world extends his sway,
The regions of eternal day
But shadows of his glory are.

5 With him, whose majesty excels,
Who made the heav'n in which he dwells,
Let no created pow'r compare.

6 Though 'tis beneath his state to view
In highest heav'n what angels do,
Yet he to earth vouchsafes his care;
He takes the needy from his cell,
Advancing him in courts to dwell,
Companion to the greatest there.

7 When childless families despair,
He sends the blessing of an heir,
To rescue their expiring name;
Makes her that barren was to bear,
And joyfully her fruit to rear:
O then extol his matchless fame!

PSALM CXIV.

WHEN Israel, by th' Almighty led,
(Enrich'd with their oppressors' spoil,)
From Egypt march'd, and Jacob's seed
From bondage in a foreign soil;

2 Jehovah, for his residence,
Chose out imperial Judah's tent,
His mansion royal, and from thence
Through Israel's camp his orders sent.

3 The distant sea with terror saw,
And from th' Almighty's presence fled;
Old Jordan's streams, surpris'd with awe,
Retreated to their fountain's head.

4 The taller mountains skipp'd like rams,
When danger near the fold they hear;
The hills skipp'd after them like lambs,
Affrighted by their leader's fear.

5 O sea, what made your tide withdraw,
And naked leave your oozy bed?
Why, Jordan, against nature's law,
Recoil'dst thou to thy fountain's head?

6 Why, mountains, did ye skip like rams,
When danger does approach the fold?
Why after you the hills, like lambs,
When they their leader's flight behold?

7 Earth, tremble on; well may'st thou fear
Thy Lord and Maker's face to see;
When Jacob's awful God draws near,
'Tis time for earth and seas to flee:

8 To flee from God, who nature's law
Confirms and cancels at his will;
Who springs from flinty rocks can draw,
And thirsty vales with water fill.

PSALM CXV.

LORD, not to us, we claim no share,
But to thy sacred Name
Give glory for thy mercy's sake,
And truth's eternal fame.

2 Why should the heathen cry, Where's now
The God whom we adore?
3 Convince them that in heav'n thou art,
And uncontroll'd thy pow'r.
4 Their gods but gold and silver are,
The works of mortal hands;
5 With speechless mouth and sightless eyes
The molten idol stands.
6 The pageant has both ears and nose,
But neither hears nor smells;
7 Its hands and feet nor feel nor move,
No life within it dwells.
8 Such senseless stocks they are, that we
Can nothing like them find,
But those who on their help rely,
And them for gods design'd.
9 O Israel, make the Lord your trust,
Who is your help and shield:
10 Priests, Levites, trust in him alone,
Who only help can yield.
11 Let all, who truly fear the Lord,
On him they fear rely:
Who them in danger can defend,
And all their wants supply.
12, 13 Of us he oft has mindful been,
And Israel's house will bless;
Priests, Levites, Proselytes, e'en all
Who his great Name confess.
14 On you, and on your heirs, he will
Increase of blessings bring;
15 Thrice happy you, who fav'rites are
Of this almighty King!
16 Heav'n's highest orb of glory he
His empire's seat design'd;
And gave this lower globe of earth
A portion to mankind.
17 They who in death and silence sleep
To him no praise afford:
18 But we will bless for evermore
Our ever-living Lord.

PSALM CXVI.

MY soul with grateful thoughts of love
Entirely is possest,
Because the Lord vouchsaf'd to hear
The voice of my request.
2 Since he has now his ear inclin'd,
I never will despair;
But still in all the straits of life
To him address my pray'r.
3 With deadly sorrows compass'd round,
With pains of hell opprest,
When troubles seiz'd my aching heart,
And anguish rack'd my breast;
4 On God's Almighty Name I call'd,
And thus to him I pray'd:
"Lord, I beseech thee, save my soul,
"With sorrows quite dismay'd."
5, 6 How just and merciful is God!
How gracious is the Lord!
Who saves the harmless, and to me
Does timely help afford.
7 Then, free from pensive cares, my soul,
Resume thy wonted rest;
For God has wondrously to thee
His bounteous love exprest.
8 When death alarm'd me, he remov'd
My dangers and my fears;
My feet from falling he secur'd,
And dried my eyes from tears.
9 Therefore my life's remaining years,
Which God to me shall lend,
Will I in praises to his Name,
And in his service spend.
10, 11 In God I trusted, and of him
In greatest straits did boast;
(For in my flight all hopes of aid
From faithless men were lost.)
12, 13 Then what return to him shall I
For all his goodness make?
I'll praise his Name, and with glad zeal
The cup of blessing take.
14, 15 I'll pay my vows amongst his saints,
Whose blood (howe'er despis'd
By wicked men) in God's account
Is always highly priz'd.
16 By various ties, O Lord, must I
To thy dominion bow;
Thy humble handmaid's son before,
Thy ransom'd captive now.
17, 18 To thee I'll off'rings bring of praise:
And, whilst I bless thy Name,
The just performance of my vows
To all thy saints proclaim.
19 They in Jerusalem shall meet,
And in thy house shall join,
To bless thy Name with one consent,
And mix their songs with mine.

PSALM CXVII.

WITH cheerful notes let all the earth
To heav'n their voices raise:
Let all, inspir'd with godly mirth,
Sing solemn hymns of praise.
2 God's tender mercy knows no bound,
His truth shall ne'er decay:
Then let the willing nations round
Their grateful tribute pay.

PSALM CXVIII.

1, 2 O PRAISE the Lord, for he is good,
His mercies ne'er decay:
That his kind favours ever last,
Let thankful Israel say.
3, 4 Their sense of his eternal love
Let Aaron's house express;
And, that it never fails, let all
That fear the Lord confess.
5 To God I made my humble moan,
With troubles quite opprest;
And he releas'd me from my straits,
And granted my request.
6 Since therefore God does on my side
So graciously appear,
Why should the vain attempts of men
Possess my soul with fear?
7 Since God, with those that aid my cause
Vouchsafes my part to take,

To all my foes I need not doubt
A just return to make.
8, 9 For better 'tis to trust in God,
And have the Lord our friend,
Than on the greatest human pow'r
For safety to depend.

10, 11 Though many nations, closely leagu'd,
Did oft beset me round;
Yet, by his boundless pow'r sustain'd,
I did their strength confound.
12 They swarm'd like bees, and yet their rage
Was but a short-liv'd blaze;
For whilst on God I still relied,
I vanquish'd them with ease.

13 When all united press'd me hard,
In hopes to make me fall,
The Lord vouchsaf'd to take my part,
And sav'd me from them all.
14 The honour of my strange escape
To him alone belongs;
He is my Saviour and my strength,
He only claims my songs.

15 Joy fills the dwelling of the just,
Whom God has sav'd from harm;
For wondrous things are brought to pass
By his Almighty arm.
16 He, by his own resistless pow'r,
Has endless honour won;
The saving strength of his right hand
Amazing works has done.

17 God will not suffer me to fall,
But still prolongs my days;
That, by declaring all his works,
I may advance his praise.
18 When God had sorely me chastis'd,
Till quite of hopes bereav'd,
His mercy from the gates of death
My fainting life repriev'd.

19 Then open wide the temple-gates
To which the just repair,
That I may enter in, and praise
My great deliv'rer there.
20, 21 Within those gates of God's abode,
To which the righteous press,
Since thou hast heard, and set me safe,
Thy holy Name I'll bless.

22, 23 That which the builders once refus'd
Is now the corner-stone:
This is the wondrous work of God,
The work of God alone.
24, 25 This day is God's; let all the land
Exalt their cheerful voice:
Lord, we beseech thee, save us now,
And make us still rejoice.

26 Him that approaches in God's Name
Let all th' assembly bless;
"We, that belong to God's own house,
"Have wish'd you good success."
27 God is the Lord, through whom we all
Both light and comfort find;
Fast to the altar's horn with cords
The chosen victim bind.

28 Thou art my Lord, O God, and still
I'll praise thy holy Name:
Because thou only art my God,
I'll celebrate thy fame.
29 O then with me give thanks to God,
Who still does gracious prove;
And let the tribute of our praise
Be endless as his love.

PSALM CXIX.

ALEPH.

HOW bless'd are they who always keep
The pure and perfect way;
Who never from the sacred paths
Of God's commandments stray!
2 How bless'd, who to his righteous laws
Have still obedient been;
And have with fervent humble zeal
His favour sought to win!

3 Such men their utmost caution use
To shun each wicked deed:
But in the path which he directs
With constant care proceed.
4 Thou strictly hast enjoin'd us, Lord,
To learn thy sacred will;
And all our diligence employ
Thy statutes to fulfil.

5 O then that thy most holy will
Might o'er my ways preside,
And I the course of all my life
By thy direction guide!
6 Then with assurance should I walk,
From all confusion free;
Convinc'd, with joy, that all my ways
With thy commands agree.

7 My upright heart shall my glad mouth
With cheerful praises fill;
When, by thy righteous judgments taught,
I shall have learnt thy will.
8 So to thy sacred laws shall I
All due observance pay:
O then forsake me not, my God,
Nor cast me quite away!

BETH.

9 HOW shall the young preserve their ways
From all pollution free?
By making still their course of life
With thy commands agree.
10 With hearty zeal for thee I seek,
To thee for succour pray;
O suffer not my careless steps
From thy right paths to stray!

11 Safe in my heart, and closely hid,
Thy word, my treasure, lies;
To succour me with timely aid,
When sinful thoughts arise.
12 Secur'd by that, my grateful soul
Shall ever bless thy Name:
O teach me then by thy just laws
My future life to frame!

13 My lips, unlock'd by pious zeal,
To others have declar'd

How well the judgments of thy mouth
Deserve our best regard.
14 Whilst in the way of thy commands
More solid joy I found,
Than had I been with vast increase
Of envied riches crown'd.
15 Therefore thy just and upright laws
Shall always fill my mind;
And those sound rules which thou prescrib'st
All due respect shall find.
16 To keep thy statutes undefac'd
Shall be my constant joy;
The strict remembrance of thy word
Shall all my thoughts employ.

GIMEL.

17 BE gracious to thy servant, Lord,
Do thou my life defend,
That I, according to thy word,
My future time may spend.
18 Enlighten both my eyes and mind,
That so I may discern
The wondrous things which they behold,
Who thy just precepts learn.
19 Though like a stranger in the land
From place to place I stray,
Thy righteous judgments from my sight
Remove not thou away.
20 My fainting soul is almost pin'd,
With earnest longing spent,
Whilst always on the eager search
Of thy just will intent.
21 Thy sharp rebuke shall crush the proud,
Whom still thy curse pursues;
Since they to walk in thy right ways
Presumptuously refuse.
22 But far from me do thou, O Lord,
Contempt and shame remove;
For I thy sacred laws affect
With undissembled love.
23 Though princes oft, in council met,
Against thy servant spake;
Yet I thy statutes to observe
My constant business make.
24 For thy commands have always been
My comfort and delight;
By them I learn, with prudent care,
To guide my steps aright.

DALETH.

25 MY soul, oppress'd with deadly care,
Close to the dust does cleave;
Revive me, Lord, and let me now
Thy promis'd aid receive.
26 To thee I still declar'd my ways,
Who didst incline thine ear:
O teach me then my future life
By thy just laws to steer!
27 If thou wilt make me know thy laws,
And by their guidance walk,
The wondrous works which thou hast done
Shall be my constant talk.
28 But see, my soul within me sinks,
Press'd down with weighty care;
Do thou, according to thy word,
My wasted strength repair.
29 Far, far from me be all false ways
And lying arts remov'd;
But kindly grant I still may keep
The path by thee approv'd.
30 Thy faithful ways, thou God of truth,
My happy choice I've made;
Thy judgments, as my rule of life,
Before me always laid.
31 My care has been to make my life
With thy commands agree;
O then preserve thy servant, Lord,
From shame and ruin free!
32 So in the way of thy commands
Shall I with pleasure run,
And, with a heart enlarg'd with joy,
Successfully go on.

HE.

33 INSTRUCT me in thy statutes, Lord,
Thy righteous paths display;
And I from them, through all my life,
Will never go astray.
34 If thou true wisdom from above
Wilt graciously impart,
To keep thy perfect laws I will
Devote my zealous heart.
35 Direct me in the sacred ways
To which thy precepts lead;
Because my chief delight has been
Thy righteous paths to tread.
36 Do thou to thy most just commands
Incline my willing heart;
Let no desire of worldly wealth
From thee my thoughts divert.
37 From those vain objects turn my eyes,
Which this false world displays;
But give me lively pow'r and strength
To keep thy righteous ways.
38 Confirm the promise which thou mad'st,
And give thy servant aid,
Who to transgress thy sacred laws
Is awfully afraid.
39 The foul disgrace I justly fear,
In mercy, Lord, remove;
For all the judgments thou ordain'st
Are full of grace and love.
40 Thou know'st how after thy commands
My longing heart does pant;
O then make haste to raise me up,
And promis'd succour grant!

VAU.

41 THY constant blessing, Lord, bestow
To cheer my drooping heart;
To me, according to thy word,
Thy saving health impart.
42 So shall I, when my foes upbraid,
This ready answer make;
"In God I trust, who never will
His faithful promise break."
43 Then let not quite the word of truth
Be from my mouth remov'd;

Since still my ground of steadfast hope
Thy just decrees have prov'd.
44 So I to keep thy righteous laws
Will all my study bend;
From age to age my time to come
In their observance spend.

45 Ere long I trust to walk at large,
From all incumbrance free;
Since I resolve to make my life
With thy commands agree.
46 Thy laws shall be my constant talk;
And princes shall attend,
Whilst I the justice of thy ways
With confidence defend.

47 My longing heart and ravish'd soul
Shall both o'erflow with joy,
When in thy lov'd commandments I
My happy hours employ.
48 Then will I to thy just decrees
Lift up my willing hands;
My care and business then shall be
To study thy commands.

ZAIN.

49 ACCORDING to thy promis'd grace,
Thy favour, Lord, extend:
Make good to me the word, on which
Thy servant's hopes depend.
50 That only comfort in distress
Did all my griefs control;
Thy word, when troubles hemm'd me round,
Reviv'd my fainting soul.

51 Insulting foes did proudly mock,
And all my hopes deride;
Yet from thy law not all their scoffs
Could make me turn aside.
52 Thy judgments then of ancient date
I quickly call'd to mind,
Till, ravish'd with such thoughts, my soul
Did speedy comfort find.

53 Sometimes I stand amaz'd, like one
With deadly horror struck,
To think how all my sinful foes
Have thy just laws forsook.
54 But I thy statutes and decrees
My cheerful anthems made;
Whilst through strange lands and desert wilds
I like a pilgrim stray'd.

55 Thy Name, that cheer'd my heart by day.
Has fill'd my thoughts by night;
I then resolv'd by thy just laws
To guide my steps aright.
56 That peace of mind, which has my soul
In deep distress sustain'd,
By strict obedience to thy will
I happily obtain'd.

CHETH.

57 O LORD, my God, my portion thou
And sure possession art;
Thy words I steadfastly resolve
To treasure in my heart.

58 With all the strength of warm desires
I did thy grace implore;
Disclose, according to thy word,
Thy mercy's boundless store.

59 With due reflection and strict care
On all my ways I thought;
And so, reclaim'd to thy just paths,
My wand'ring steps I brought.
60 I lost no time, but made great haste,
Resolv'd without delay
To watch, that I might never more
From thy commandments stray.

61 Though num'rous troops of sinful men
To rob me have combin'd,
Yet I thy pure and righteous laws
Have ever kept in mind.
62 In dead of night I will arise
To sing thy solemn praise;
Convinc'd how much I always ought
To love thy righteous ways.

63 To such as fear thy holy Name
Myself I closely join;
To all who their obedient wills
To thy commands resign.
64 O'er all the earth thy mercy, Lord,
Abundantly is shed;
O make me then exactly learn
Thy sacred paths to tread!

TETH.

65 WITH me, thy servant, thou hast dealt
Most graciously, O Lord;
Repeated benefits bestow'd,
According to thy word.
66 Teach me the sacred skill, by which
Right judgment is attain'd,
Who in belief of thy commands
Have steadfastly remain'd.

67 Before affliction stopp'd my course,
My footsteps went astray;
But I have since been disciplin'd
Thy precepts to obey.
68 Thou art, O Lord, supremely good,
And all thou dost is so;
On me, thy statutes to discern,
Thy saving skill bestow.

69 The proud have forg'd malicious lies
My spotless fame to stain;
But my fix'd heart, without reserve,
Thy precepts shall retain.
70 While pamper'd they, with prosp'rous ills,
In sensual pleasures live,
My soul can relish no delight
But what thy precepts give.

71 'Tis good for me that I have felt
Affliction's chast'ning rod,
That I might duly learn and keep
The statutes of my God.
72 The law that from thy mouth proceeds
Of more esteem I hold
Than untouch'd mines, than thousand mines
Of silver and of gold.

JOD.

73 TO me, who am the workmanship
Of thy Almighty hands,
The heav'nly understanding give
To learn thy just commands.
74 My preservation to thy saints
Strong comfort will afford,
To see success attend my hopes,
Who trusted in thy word.

75 That right thy judgments are, I now
By sure experience see;
And that in faithfulness, O Lord,
Thou hast afflicted me.
76 O let thy tender mercy now
Afford me needful aid;
According to thy promise, Lord,
To me, thy servant, made!

77 To me thy saving grace restore,
That I again may live;
Whose soul can relish no delight
But what thy precepts give.
78 Defeat the proud, who, unprovok'd,
To ruin me have sought,
Who only on thy sacred laws
Employ my harmless thought.

79 Let those that fear thy Name espouse
My cause, and those alone,
Who have by strict and pious search
Thy sacred precepts known.
80 In thy blest statutes let my heart
Continue always sound;
That guilt and shame, the sinner's lot,
May never me confound.

CAPH.

81 MY soul with long expectance faints
To see thy saving grace;
Yet still on thy unerring word
My confidence I place.
82 My very eyes consume and fail
With waiting for thy word;
O when wilt thou thy kind relief
And promis'd aid afford?

83 My skin like shrivell'd parchment shows,
That long in smoke is set;
Yet no affliction me can force
Thy statutes to forget.
84 How many days must I endure
Of sorrow and distress?
When wilt thou judgment execute
On them who me oppress?

85 The proud have digg'd a pit for me,
That have no other foes
But such as are averse to thee,
And thy just laws oppose.
86 With sacred truth's eternal laws
All thy commands agree:
Men persecute me without cause;
Thou, Lord, my helper be.

87 With close designs against my life
They had almost prevail'd;
But in obedience to thy will
My duty never fail'd.

88 Thy wonted kindness, Lord, restore,
My drooping heart to cheer;
That, by thy righteous statutes, I
My life's whole course may steer.

LAMED.

89 FOR ever, and for ever, Lord,
Unchang'd thou dost remain:
Thy word establish'd in the heav'n's
Does all their orbs sustain.
90 Through circling ages, Lord, thy truth
Immoveable shall stand,
As doth the earth, which thou uphold'st
By thy Almighty hand.

91 All things the course by thee ordain'd
E'en to this day fulfil,
They are the faithful subjects all,
And servants of thy will.
92 Unless thy sacred law had been
My comfort and delight,
I must have fainted and expir'd
In dark affliction's night.

93 Thy precepts therefore from my thoughts
Shall never, Lord, depart;
For thou by them hast to new life
Restor'd my dying heart.
94 As I am thine, entirely thine,
Protect me, Lord, from harm;
Who have thy precepts sought to know,
And carefully perform.

95 The wicked have their ambush laid
My guiltless life to take;
But in the midst of danger I
Thy word my study make.
96 I've seen an end of what we call
Perfection here below:
But thy commandments, like thyself,
No change or period know.

MEM.

97 THE love that to thy laws I bear
No language can display;
They with fresh wonders entertain
My ravish'd thoughts all day.
98 Through thy commands I wiser grow
Than all my subtle foes;
For thy sure word doth me direct,
And all my ways dispose.

99 From me my former teachers now
May abler counsel take,
Because thy sacred precepts I
My constant study make.
100 In understanding I excel
The sages of our days;
Because by thy unerring rules
I order all my ways.

101 My feet with care I have refrain'd
From ev'ry sinful way,
That to thy sacred word I might
Entire obedience pay.
102 I have not from thy judgments stray'd,
By vain desires misled;
For, Lord, thou hast instructed me
Thy righteous paths to tread.

103 How sweet art all thy words to me!
O what divine repast!
How much more grateful to my soul
Than honey to my taste!
104 Taught by thy sacred precepts, I
With heav'nly skill am blest:
Through which the treach'rous ways of sin
I utterly detest.

NUN.

105 THY word is to my feet a lamp,
The way of truth to show;
A watch-light to point out the path
In which I ought to go.
106 I sware, (and from my solemn oath
Will never start aside,)
That in thy righteous judgments I
Will steadfastly abide.
107 Since I with griefs am so opprest,
That I can bear no more,
According to thy word do thou
My fainting soul restore.
108 Let still my sacrifice of praise
With thee acceptance find;
And in thy righteous judgments, Lord,
Instruct my willing mind.
109 Though ghastly dangers me surround,
My soul they cannot awe;
Nor with continual terrors keep
From thinking on thy law.
110 My wicked and invet'rate foes
For me their snares have laid;
Yet I have kept the upright path,
Nor from thy precepts stray'd.
111 Thy testimonies I have made
My heritage and choice;
For they, when other comforts fail,
My drooping heart rejoice.
112 My heart with early zeal began
Thy statutes to obey;
And, till my course of life is done,
Shall keep thy upright way.

SAMECH.

113 DECEITFUL thoughts and practices
I utterly detest;
But to thy law affection bear
Too great to be exprest.
114 My hiding-place, my refuge-tow'r,
And shield art thou, O Lord;
I firmly anchor all my hopes
On thy unerring word.
115 Hence ye that trade in wickedness,
Approach not my abode;
For firmly I resolve to keep
The precepts of my God.
116 According to thy gracious word
From danger set me free;
Nor make me of those hopes asham'd
That I repose on thee.
117 Uphold me, so shall I be safe,
And rescu'd from distress;
To thy decrees continually
My just respect address.
118 The wicked thou hast trod to earth
Who from thy statutes stray'd;
Their vile deceit the just reward
Of their own falsehood made.
119 The wicked from thy holy land
Thou dost like dross remove;
I therefore, with such justice charm'd,
Thy testimonies love.
120 Yet with that love they make me dread,
Lest I should so offend,
When on transgressors I behold
Thy judgments thus descend.

AIN.

121 JUDGMENT and justice I have lov'd;
O therefore, Lord, engage
In my defence, nor give me up
To my oppressors' rage!
122 Do thou be surety, Lord, for me,
And so shall this distress
Prove good for me; nor shall the proud
My guiltless soul oppress.
123 My eyes, alas! begin to fail,
In long expectance held;
Till thy salvation they behold,
And righteous word fulfill'd.
124 To me, thy servant in distress,
Thy wonted grace display,
And discipline my willing heart
Thy statutes to obey.
125 On me, devoted to thy fear,
Thy sacred skill bestow,
That of thy testimonies I
The full extent may know.
126 'Tis time, high time, for thee, O Lord,
Thy vengeance to employ,
When men with open violence
Thy sacred law destroy.
127 Yet their contempt of thy commands
But makes their value rise
In my esteem, who purest gold
Compar'd with them despise.
128 Thy precepts therefore I account
In all respects divine;
They teach me to discern the right,
And all false ways decline.

PE.

129 THE wonders which thy laws contain
No words can represent;
Therefore to learn and practise them
My zealous heart is bent.
130 The very entrance to thy word
Celestial light displays;
And knowledge of true happiness
To simplest minds conveys.
131 With eager hopes I waiting stood,
And fainted with desire,
That of thy wise commands I might
The sacred skill acquire.
132 With favour, Lord, look down on me,
Who thy relief implore;
As thou art wont to visit those
Who thy blest Name adore.

133 Directed by thy heav'nly word
Let all my footsteps be;
Nor wickedness of any kind
Dominion have o'er me.
134 Release, entirely set me free
From persecuting hands,
That, unmolested, I may learn
And practise thy commands.
135 On me, devoted to thy fear,
Lord, make thy face to shine;
Thy statutes both to know and keep
My heart with zeal incline.
136 My eyes to weeping fountains turn,
Whence briny rivers flow,
To see mankind against thy laws
In bold defiance go.

TSADDI.

137 THOU art the righteous Judge, in whom
Wrong'd innocence may trust;
And, like thyself, thy judgments, Lord,
In all respects are just.
138 Most just and true those statutes were,
Which thou didst first decree;
And all with faithfulness perform'd
Succeeding times shall see.
139 With zeal my flesh consumes away,
My soul with anguish frets,
To see my foes contemn at once
Thy promises and threats.
140 Yet each neglected word of thine
(Howe'er by them despis'd)
Is pure, and for eternal truth
By me, thy servant, priz'd.
141 Brought, for thy sake, to low estate,
Contempt from all I find:
Yet no affronts or wrongs can drive
Thy precepts from my mind.
142 Thy righteousness shall then endure,
When time itself is past;
Thy law is truth itself, that truth
Which shall for ever last.
143 Though trouble, anguish, doubts, and dread,
To compass me unite;
Beset with danger, still I make
Thy precepts my delight.
144 Eternal and unerring rules
Thy testimonies give;
Teach me the wisdom that will make
My soul for ever live.

KOPH.

145 WITH my whole heart to God I call'd,
Lord, hear my earnest cry!
And I thy statutes to perform
Will all my care apply.
146 Again more fervently I pray'd,
O save me, that I may
Thy testimonies throughly know,
And steadfastly obey!
147 My earlier pray'r the dawning day
Prevented, while I cried
To him, on whose engaging word
My hope alone relied.
148 With zeal have I awak'd before
The midnight watch was set,
That I of thy mysterious word
Might perfect knowledge get.
149 Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
And wonted favour show;
O quicken me, and so approve
Thy judgments ever true!
150 My persecuting foes advance,
And hourly nearer draw;
What treatment can I hope from them
Who violate thy law?
151 Though they draw nigh, my comfort is,
Thou, Lord, art yet more near;
Thou, whose commands are righteous all,
Thy promises sincere.
152 Concerning thy divine decrees
My soul has known of old,
That they were true, and shall their truth
To endless ages hold.

RESCH.

153 CONSIDER my affliction, Lord,
And me from bondage draw;
Think on thy servant in distress,
Who ne'er forgets thy law.
154 Plead thou my cause; to that and me
Thy timely aid afford;
With beams of mercy quicken me
According to thy word.
155 From harden'd sinners thou remov'st
Salvation far away;
'Tis just thou should'st withdraw from them
Who from thy statutes stray.
156 Since great thy tender mercies are
To all who thee adore;
According to thy judgments, Lord,
My fainting hopes restore.
157 A num'rous host of spiteful foes
Against my life combine;
But all too few to force my soul
Thy statutes to decline.
158 Those bold transgressors I beheld,
And was with grief oppress'd,
To see with what audacious pride
Thy cov'nant they transgress'd.
159 Yet while they slight, consider, Lord,
How I thy precepts love;
O therefore quicken me with beams
Of mercy from above!
160 As from the birth of time thy truth
Has held through ages past,
So shall thy righteous judgments firm
To endless ages last.

SCHIN.

161 THOUGH mighty tyrants, without cause,
Conspire my blood to shed,
Thy sacred word has pow'r alone
To fill my heart with dread.
162 And yet that word my joyful breast
With heav'nly rapture warms;

Nor conquest, nor the spoils of war,
Have such transporting charms.

163 Perfidious practices and lies
I utterly detest;
But to thy laws affection bear,
Too vast to be exprest.

164 Sev'n times a day, with grateful voice,
Thy praises I resound,
Because I find thy judgments all
With truth and justice crown'd.

165 Secure, substantial peace have they
Who truly love thy law;
No smiling mischief them can tempt,
Nor frowning danger awe.

166 For thy salvation I have hop'd,
And, though so long delay'd,
With cheerful zeal and strictest care
All thy commands obey'd.

167 Thy testimonies I have kept,
And constantly obey'd;
Because the love I bore to them
The service easy made.

168 From strict observance of thy laws
I never yet withdrew;
Convinc'd that my most secret ways
Are open to thy view.

TAU.

169 TO my request and earnest cry
Attend, O gracious Lord;
Inspire my heart with heav'nly skill,
According to thy word.

170 Let my repeated pray'r at last
Before thy throne appear;
According to thy plighted word,
For my relief draw near.

171 Then shall my grateful lips return
The tribute of thy praise,
When thou thy counsels hast reveal'd,
And taught me thy just ways.

172 My tongue the praises of thy word
Shall thankfully resound,
Because thy promises are all
With truth and justice crown'd.

173 Let thy almighty arm appear,
And bring me timely aid,
For I the laws thou hast ordain'd
My heart's free choice have made.

174 My soul has waited long to see
Thy saving grace restor'd;
Nor comfort knew, but what thy laws,
Thy heav'nly laws, afford.

175 Prolong my life, that I may sing
My great Restorer's praise;
Whose justice from the depth of woes
My fainting soul shall raise.

176 Like some lost sheep I've stray'd, till I
Despair my way to find;
Thou, therefore, Lord, thy servant seek,
Who keeps thy laws in mind.

PSALM CXX.

IN deep distress I oft have cried
To God, who never yet denied
To rescue me, oppress'd with wrongs:

2 Once more, O Lord, deliv'rance send,
From lying lips my soul defend,
And from the rage of sland'ring tongues.

3 What little profit can accrue,
And yet what heavy wrath is due,
O thou perfidious tongue, to thee!

4 Thy sting upon thyself shall turn;
Of lasting flames that fiercely burn,
The constant fuel thou shalt be.

5 But O how wretched is my doom,
Who am a sojourner become
In barren Mesech's desert soil!
With Kedar's wicked tents inclos'd,
To lawless savages expos'd,
Who live on nought but theft and spoil.

6 My hapless dwelling is with those
Who peace and amity oppose,
And pleasure take in others' harms:

7 Sweet peace is all I court and seek;
But when to them of peace I speak,
They straight cry out, To arms, to arms!

PSALM CXXI.

TO Sion's hill I lift my eyes,
From thence expecting aid;

2 From Sion's hill, and Sion's God,
Who heav'n and earth has made.

3 Then thou, my soul, in safety rest,
Thy Guardian will not sleep;

4 His watchful care, that Israel guards,
Will Israel's monarch keep.

5 Shelter'd beneath th' Almighty's wings
Thou shalt securely rest,

6 Where neither sun nor moon shall thee
By day or night molest.

7 From common accidents of life
His care shall guard thee still;

8 From the blind strokes of chance, and foes
That lie in wait to kill.

9 At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
Thy God shall thee defend;
Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage
Safe to thy journey's end.

PSALM CXXII.

O 'TWAS a joyful sound to hear
Our tribes devoutly say,
Up, Israel, to the temple haste,
And keep your festal day.

2 At Salem's courts we must appear
With our assembled pow'rs,

3 In strong and beauteous order rang'd,
Like her united tow'rs.

4 'Tis thither, by divine command,
The tribes of God repair,
Before his ark to celebrate
His Name with praise and pray'r.

5 Tribunals stand erected there,
Where equity takes plac ;
There stand the courts an palaces
Of royal David's race.

6 O pray we then for Salem's peace,
For they shall prosp'rous be,
(Thou holy city of our God!)
Who bear true love to thee.
7 May peace within thy sacred walls
A constant guest be found,
With plenty and prosperity
Thy palaces be crown'd.
8 For my dear brethren's sake, and friends
No less than brethren dear,
I'll pray,—May peace in Salem's tow'rs
A constant guest appear.
9 But most of all I'll seek thy good,
And ever wish thee well,
For Sion and the temple's sake,
Where God vouchsafes to dwell.

PSALM CXXIII.

ON thee, who dwell'st above the skies,
For mercy wait my longing eyes;
2 As servants watch their masters' hands,
And maids their mistresses' commands.
3, 4 O then have mercy on us, Lord,
Thy gracious aid to us afford;
To us, whom cruel foes oppress,
Grown rich and proud by our distress.

PSALM CXXIV.

HAD not the Lord, may Israel say,
Been pleas'd to interpose;
2 Had he not then espous'd our cause,
When men against us rose:
3, 4, 5 Their wrath had swallow'd us alive,
And rag'd without control;
Their spite and pride's united floods
Had quite o'erwhelm'd our soul.
6 But prais'd be our eternal Lord,
Who rescu'd us that day,
Nor to their savage jaws gave up
Our threaten'd lives a prey.
7 Our soul is like a bird escap'd
From out the fowler's net;
The snare is broke, their hopes are cross'd,
And we at freedom set.
8 Secure in his Almighty Name
Our confidence remains,
Who, as he made both heav'n and earth,
Of both sole monarch reigns.

PSALM CXXV.

WHO place on Sion's God their trust,
Like Sion's rock shall stand;
Like her immoveably be fix'd
By his Almighty hand.
2 Look how the hills on ev'ry side
Jerusalem enclose;
So stands the Lord around his saints,
To guard them from their foes.
3 The wicked may afflict the just,
But ne'er too long oppress,
Nor force him by despair to seek
Base means for his redress.
4 Be good, O righteous God, to those
Who righteous deeds affect;
The heart that innocence retains
Let innocence protect.
5 All those who walk in crooked paths
The Lord shall soon destroy;
Cut off th' unjust, but crown the saints
With lasting peace and joy.

PSALM CXXVI.

WHEN Sion's God her sons recall'd
From long captivity,
It seem'd at first a pleasing dream
Of what we wish'd to see.
2 But soon in an accustom'd mirth
We did our voice employ,
And sung our great Restorer's praise
In thankful hymns of joy.
Our heathen foes repining stood,
Yet were compell'd to own,
That great and wondrous was the work
Our God for us had done.
3 'Twas great, say they; 'twas wondrous great,
Much more should we confess;
The Lord has done great things, whereof
We reap the glad success.
4 To us bring back the remnant, Lord,
Of Israel's captive bands,
More welcome than refreshing show'rs
To parch'd and thirsty lands.
5 That we, whose work commenc'd in tears,
May see our labours thrive,
Till finish'd with success, to make
Our drooping hearts revive.
6 Though he despond that sows his grain,
Yet doubtless he shall come
To bind his full-ear'd sheaves, and bring
The joyful harvest home.

PSALM CXXVII.

WE build with fruitless cost, unless
The Lord the pile sustain;
Unless the Lord the city keep
The watchman wakes in vain.
2 In vain we rise before the day,
And late to rest repair,
Allow no respite to our toil,
And eat the bread of care.
Supplies of life, with ease to them,
He on his saints bestows;
He crowns their labour with success,
Their nights with sound repose.
3 Children, those comforts of our life,
Are presents from the Lord;
He gives a num'rous race of heirs,
As piety's reward.
4 As arrows in a giant's hand,
When marching forth to war,
E'en so the sons of sprightly youth
Their parents' safeguard are.
5 Happy the man whose quiver's fill'd
With these prevailing arms;
He needs not fear to meet his foe
At law, or war's alarms.

PSALM CXXVIII.

THE man is blest who fears the Lord,
Nor only worship pays,
But keeps his steps confin'd with care
To his appointed ways.
2 He shall upon the sweet returns
Of his own labour feed;
Without dependence live, and see
His wishes all succeed.
3 His wife, like a fair fertile vine,
Her lovely fruit shall bring;
His children like young olive plants,
About his table spring.
4, 5 Who fears the Lord shall prosper thus;
Him Zion's God shall bless,
And grant him all his days to see
Jerusalem's success.
6 He shall live on, till heirs from him
Descend with vast increase;
Much bless'd in his own prosp'rous state,
And more in Israel's peace.

PSALM CXXIX.

FROM my youth up, may Israel say,
They oft have me assail'd;
2 Reduc'd me oft to heavy straits,
But never quite prevail'd.
3 They oft have plough'd my patient back
With furrows deep and long;
4 But our just God has broke their chains,
And rescu'd us from wrong.
5 Defeat, confusion, shameful rout
Be still the doom of those,
Their righteous doom, who Sion hate,
And Sion's God oppose.
6 Like corn upon our houses' tops,
Untimely let them fade,
Which too much heat, and want of root,
Has blasted in the blade:
7 Which in his arms no reaper takes,
But unregarded leaves;
Nor binder thinks it worth his pains
To fold it into sheaves.
8 No traveller that passes by
Vouchsafes a minute's stop,
To give it one kind look, or crave
Heav'n's blessing on the crop.

PSALM CXXX.

FROM lowest depths of woe
To God I sent my cry;
2 Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
And graciously reply.
3 Should'st thou severely judge,
Who can the trial bear?
4 But thou forgiv'st, lest we despond,
And quite renounce thy fear.
5 My soul with patience waits
For thee, the living Lord;
My hopes are on thy promise built,
Thy never-failing word.
6 My longing eyes look out
For thy enliv'ning ray,
More duly than the morning-watch
To spy the dawning day.
7 Let Israel trust in God,
No bounds his mercy knows;
The plenteous source and spring from whence
Eternal succour flows.
8 Whose friendly streams to us
Supplies in want convey;
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse,
And wash our guilt away.

PSALM CXXXI.

O LORD, I am not proud of heart,
Nor cast a scornful eye;
Nor my aspiring thoughts employ
In things for me too high.
2 With infant innocence thou know'st
I have myself demean'd;
Compos'd to quiet, like a babe
That from the breast is wean'd.
3 Like me let Israel hope in God,
His aid alone implore:
But now and ever trust in him,
Who lives for evermore.

PSALM CXXXII.

LET David, Lord, a constant place
In thy remembrance find;
Let all the sorrows he endur'd
Be ever in thy mind.
2 Remember what a solemn oath
To thee, his Lord, he swore;
How to the mighty God he vow'd,
Whom Jacob's sons adore.
3, 4 I will not go into my house,
Nor to my bed ascend;
No soft repose shall close my eyes,
Nor sleep my eyelids bend:
5 Till for the Lord's design'd abode
I mark the destin'd ground;
Till I a decent place of rest
For Jacob's God have found.
6 Th' appointed place with shouts of joy
At Ephrata we found,
And made the woods and neighb'ring fields
Our glad applause resound.
7 O with due rev'rence let us then
To his abode repair;
And, prostrate at his footstool fall'n,
Pour out our humble pray'r.
8 Arise, O Lord, and now possess
Thy constant place of rest;
Be that, not only with thy ark,
But with thy presence blest.
9, 10 Clothe thou thy priests with righteousness,
Make thou thy saints rejoice;
And, for thy servant David's sake,
Hear thy anointed's voice.
11 God sware to David in his truth,
(Nor shall his oath be vain,)
One of thy offspring, after thee,
Upon thy throne shall reign.

12 And if thy seed my cov'nant keep,
And to my laws submit,
Their children too upon thy throne
For evermore shall sit.

13, 14 For Sion does in God's esteem
All other seats excel;
His place of everlasting rest,
Where he desires to dwell.

15, 16 Her store, says he, I will increase,
Her poor with plenty bless;
Her saints shall shout for joy her priests
My saving health confess.

17 There David's power shall long remain
In his successive line,
And my anointed servant there
Shall with fresh lustre shine.

18 The faces of his vanquish'd foes
Confusion shall o'erspread,
Whilst, with confirm'd success, his crown
Shall flourish on his head.

PSALM CXXXIII.

HOW vast must their advantage be,
How great their pleasure prove,
Who live like brethren, and consent
In offices of love!

2 True love is like that precious oil,
Which, pour'd on Aaron's head,
Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes
Its costly moisture shed.

3 'Tis like refreshing dew, which does
On Hermon's top distil;
Or like the early drops that fall
On Sion's fruitful hill.

4 For Sion is the chosen seat,
Where the Almighty King
The promis'd blessing has ordain'd,
And life's eternal spring.

PSALM CXXXIV.

BLESS God, ye servants that attend
Upon his solemn state,
That in his temple, night by night,
With humble rev'rence wait:

2, 3 Within his house lift up your hands,
And bless his holy Name;
From Sion bless thy Israel, Lord,
Who heav'n and earth didst frame.

PSALM CXXXV.

O PRAISE the Lord with one consent,
And magnify his Name;
Let all the servants of the Lord
His worthy praise proclaim.

2 Praise him all ye that in his house
Attend with constant care;
With those that to his outmost courts
With humble zeal repair.

3 For this our truest int'rest is,
Glad hymns of praise to sing;
And with loud songs to bless his Name,
A most delightful thing.

4 For God his own peculiar choice
The sons of Jacob makes;
And Israel's offspring for his own
Most valued treasure takes.

5 That God is great we often have
By glad experience found;
And seen how he with wondrous pow'r
Above all gods is crown'd.

6 For he with unresisted strength
Performs his sov'reign will,
In heav'n and earth, and wat'ry stores
That earth's deep caverns fill.

7 He raises vapours from the ground,
Which, pois'd in liquid air,
Fall down at last in show'rs, through which
His dreadful lightnings glare.

8 He from his storehouse brings the wind;
And he with vengeful hand
The firstborn slew of man and beast
Through Egypt's mourning land.

9 He dreadful signs and wonders shew'd
Through stubborn Egypt's coasts;
Nor Pharaoh could his plagues escape,
Nor all his num'rous hosts.

10, 11 'Twas he that various nations smote,
And mighty kings suppress'd;
Sihon and Og, and all besides
Who Canaan's land possess'd.

12, 13 Their land upon his chosen race
He firmly did entail;
For which his fame shall always last,
His praise shall never fail.

14 For God shall soon his people's cause
With pitying eyes survey;
Repent him of his wrath, and turn
His kindled rage away.

15 Those idols, whose false worship spreads
O'er all the heathen lands,
Are made of silver and of gold,
The work of human hands.

16, 17 They move not their fictitious tongues,
Nor see with polish'd eyes;
Their counterfeited ears are deaf,
No breath their mouth supplies.

18 As senseless as themselves are they
That all their skill apply
To make them, or in dang'rous times
On them for aid rely.

19 Their just returns of thanks to God
Let grateful Israel pay;
Nor let the priests of Aaron's race
To bless the Lord delay.

20 Their sense of his unbounded love
Let Levi's house express;
And let all those that fear the Lord
His Name for ever bless.

21 Let all with thanks his wondrous works
In Sion's courts proclaim;
Let them in Salem, where he dwells,
Exalt his holy Name.

PSALM CXXXVI.

TO God, the mighty Lord,
Your joyful thanks repeat;
To him due praise afford,
As good as he is great.
For God does prove
Our constant friend;
His boundless love
Shall never end.

2, 3 To him whose wondrous pow'r
All other gods obey,
Whom earthly kings adore,
This grateful homage pay.
For God, &c.

4, 5 By his Almighty hand
Amazing works are wrought;
The heav'ns by his command
Were to perfection brought.
For God, &c.

6 He spread the ocean round
About the spacious land;
And made the rising ground
Above the waters stand.
For God, &c.

7, 8, 9 Through heav'n he did display
His num'rous hosts of light;
The sun to rule by day,
The moon and stars by night.
For God, &c.

10, 11, 12 He struck the firstborn dead
Of Egypt's stubborn land;
And thence his people led
With his resistless hand.
For God, &c.

13, 14 By him the raging sea,
As if in pieces rent,
Disclos'd a middle way,
Through which his people went.
For God, &c.

15 Where soon he overthrew
Proud Pharaoh and his host,
Who, daring to pursue,
Were in the billows lost.
For God, &c.

16, 17, 18 Through deserts vast and wild
He led the chosen seed;
And famous princes foil'd,
And made great monarchs bleed.
For God, &c.

19, 20 Sihon, whose potent hand
Great Ammon's sceptre sway'd;
And Og, whose stern command
Rich Bashan's land obey'd.
For God, &c.

21, 22 And of his wondrous grace,
Their lands, whom he destroy'd,
He gave to Israel's race,
To be by them enjoy'd.
For God, &c.

23, 24 He, in our depth of woes,
On us with favour thought,
And from our cruel foes
In peace and safety brought.
For God, &c.

25, 26 He does the food supply
On which all creatures live:
To God who reigns on high
Eternal praises give.
For God will prove
Our constant friend;
His boundless love
Shall never end.

PSALM CXXXVII.

WHEN we, our wearied limbs to rest,
Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream,
We wept, with doleful thoughts opprest,
And Sion was our mournful theme.

2 Our harps, that when with joy we sung,
Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
With silent strings neglected hung
On willow-trees that wither'd there.

3 Meanwhile our foes, who all conspir'd
To triumph in our slavish wrongs,
Musick and mirth of us requir'd;
"Come, sing us one of Sion's songs."

4 How shall we tune our voice to sing?
Or touch our harps with skilful hands?
Shall hymns of joy to God our King
Be sung by slaves in foreign lands?

5 O Salem, our once happy seat,
When I of thee forgetful prove,
Let then my trembling hand forget
The speaking strings with art to move!

6 If I to mention thee forbear,
Eternal silence seize my tongue;
Or if I sing one cheerful air,
Till thy deliv'rance is my song!

7 Remember, Lord, how Edom's race,
In thy own city's fatal day,
Cried out, "Her stately walls deface,
"And with the ground quite level lay."

8 Proud Babel's daughter, doom'd to be
Of grief and woe the wretched prey;
Bless'd is the man who shall to thee
The wrongs thou lay'st on us repay.

9 Thrice blest, who with just rage possest,
And deaf to all the parents' moans,
Shall snatch thy infants from the breast,
And dash their heads against the stones.

PSALM CXXXVIII.

WITH my whole heart, my God and King,
Thy praise I will proclaim;
Before the gods with joy I'll sing,
And bless thy holy Name.

2 I'll worship at thy sacred seat;
And, with thy love inspir'd,
The praises of thy truth repeat,
O'er all thy works admir'd.

3 Thou graciously inclin'dst thine ear,
When I to thee did cry;
And, when my soul was press'd with fear,
Didst inward strength supply.

4 Therefore shall ev'ry earthly prince
Thy Name with praise pursue,
Whom these admir'd events convince
That all thy works are true.

5 They all thy wondrous ways, O Lord,
With cheerful songs shall bless;
And all thy glorious acts record,
Thy awful pow'r confess.
6 For God, although enthron'd on high,
Does thence the poor respect;
The proud far off his scornful eye
Beholds with just neglect.

7 Though I with troubles am oppress'd,
He shall my foes disarm;
Relieve my soul when most distress'd,
And keep me safe from harm.
8 The Lord, whose mercies ever last,
Shall fix my happy state;
And, mindful of his favours past,
Shall his own work complete.

PSALM CXXXIX.

THOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known
My rising up and lying down;
2 My secret thoughts are known to thee,
Known long before conceiv'd by me.
3 Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
My publick haunts and private ways;
4 Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would vent,
My yet unutter'd words' intent.

5 Surrounded by thy pow'r I stand,
On ev'ry side I find thy hand:
6 O skill, for human reach too high!
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye!
7 O could I so perfidious be,
To think of once deserting thee,
Where, Lord, could I thy influence shun?
Or whither from thy presence run?

8 If up to heav'n I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light;
Or dive to hell's infernal plains,
'Tis there Almighty vengeance reigns.
9 If I the morning's wings could gain,
And fly beyond the western main,
10 Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.

11 Or, should I try to shun thy sight
Beneath the sable wings of night;
One glance from thee, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.
12 The vail of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy all-searching eyes;
Through midnight shades thou find'st thy way,
As in the blazing noon of day.

13 Thou know'st the texture of my heart,
My reins, and ev'ry vital part;
Each single thread in nature's loom
By thee was cover'd in the womb.

14 I'll praise thee, from whose hands I came,
A work of such a curious frame;
The wonders thou in me hast shown,
My soul with grateful joy must own.

15 Thine eyes my substance did survey,
While yet a lifeless mass it lay;
In secret how exactly wrought,
Ere from its dark inclosure brought.
16 Thou didst the shapeless embryo see,
Its parts were register'd by thee;
Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,
Form'd by the model of thy book.

17 Let me acknowledge too, O God,
That, since this maze of life I trod,
Thy thoughts of love to me surmount
The pow'r of numbers to recount.
18 Far sooner could I reckon o'er
The sands upon the ocean's shore;
Each morn, revising what I've done,
I find th' account but new begun.

19 The wicked thou shalt slay, O God:
Depart from me, ye men of blood,
20 Whose tongues Heav'n's majesty profane,
And take th' Almighty's name in vain.
21 Lord, hate not I their impious crew,
Who thee with enmity pursue?
And does not grief my heart oppress,
When reprobates thy laws transgress?

22 Who practise enmity to thee
Shall utmost hatred have from me;
Such men I utterly detest,
As if they were my foes profest.
23, 24 Search, try, O God, my thoughts and heart,
If mischief lurks in any part;
Correct me where I go astray,
And guide me in thy perfect way.

PSALM CXL.

PRESERVE me, Lord, from crafty foes
Of treacherous intent;
2 And from the sons of violence,
On open mischief bent.
3 Their sland'ring tongue the serpent's sting
In sharpness does exceed;
Between their lips the gall of asps
And adders' venom breed.

4 Preserve me, Lord, from wicked hands,
Nor leave my soul forlorn,
A prey to sons of violence,
Who have my ruin sworn.
5 The proud for me have laid their snare,
And spread their wily net;
With traps and gins, where'er I move,
I find my steps beset.

6 But thus environ'd with distress,
Thou art my God, I said;
Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
That calls to thee for aid.
7 O Lord, the God, whose saving strength
Kind succour did convey,

And cover'd my advent'rous head
In battle's doubtful day:

8 Permit not their unjust designs
To answer their desire;
Lest they, encourag'd by success,
To bolder crimes aspire.

9 Let first their chiefs the sad effects
Of their injustice mourn:
The blast of their envenom'd breath
Upon themselves return.

10 Let them who kindled first the flame
Its sacrifice become;
The pit they digg'd for me be made
Their own untimely tomb.

11 Though slander's breath may raise a storm,
It quickly will decay;
Their rage does but the torrent swell
That bears themselves away.

12 God will assert the poor man's cause,
And speedy succour give;
The just shall celebrate his praise,
And in his presence live.

PSALM CXLI.

TO thee, O Lord, my cries ascend,
O haste to my relief;
And with accustom'd pity hear
The accents of my grief.

2 Instead of off'rings, let my pray'r
Like morning incense rise;
My lifted hands supply the place
Of ev'ning sacrifice.

3 From hasty language curb my tongue;
And let a constant guard
Still keep the portal of my lips,
With weary silence barr'd.

4 From wicked men's designs and deeds
My heart and hands restrain;
Nor let me in the booty share
Of their unrighteous gain.

5 Let upright men reprove my faults,
And I shall think them kind;
Like balm that heals a wounded head,
I their reproof shall find:
And, in return, my fervent pray'r
I shall for them address,
When they are tempted and reduc'd,
Like me, to sore distress.

6 When sculking in En-gedi's rock
I to their chiefs appeal,
If one reproachful word I spoke,
When I had pow'r to kill.

7 Yet us they persecute to death;
Our scatter'd ruins lie
As thick as from the hewer's axe
The sever'd splinters fly.

8 But, Lord, to thee I still direct
My supplicating eyes;
O leave not destitute my soul,
Whose trust on thee relies!

9 Do thou preserve me from the snares
That wicked hands have laid:
Let them in their own nets be caught,
While my escape is made.

PSALM CXLII.

TO God, with mournful voice,
In deep distress I pray'd;

2 Made him the umpire of my cause,
My wrongs before him laid.

3 Thou didst my steps direct,
When my griev'd soul despair'd;
For where I thought to walk secure,
They had their traps prepar'd.

4 I look'd, but found no friend
To own me in distress;
All refuge fail'd, no man vouchsaf'd
His pity or redress.

5 To God at last I pray'd;
Thou, Lord, my refuge art,
My portion in the land of life,
Till life itself depart.

6 Reduc'd to greatest straits,
To thee I make my moan:
O save me from oppressing foes,
For me too pow'rful grown!

7 That I may praise thy Name,
My soul from prison bring;
Whilst of thy kind regard to me
Assembled saints shall sing.

PSALM CXLIII.

LORD, hear my pray'r, and to my cry
Thy wonted audience lend;
In thy accustom'd faith and truth
A gracious answer send.

2 Nor at thy strict tribunal bring
Thy servant to be tried;
For in thy sight no living man
Can e'er be justified.

3 The spiteful foe pursues my life,
Whose comforts all are fled;
He drives me into caves as dark
As mansions of the dead.

4 My spirit therefore is o'erwhelm'd,
And sinks within my breast;
My mournful heart grows desolate,
With heavy woes opprest.

5 I call to mind the days of old,
And wonders thou hast wrought:
My former dangers and escapes
Employ my musing thought.

6 To thee my hands in humble pray'r
I fervently stretch out;
My soul for thy refreshment thirsts,
Like land oppress'd with drought.

7 Hear me with speed; my spirit fails;
Thy face no longer hide,
Lest I become forlorn, like them
That in the grave reside.

8 Thy kindness early let me hear,
Whose trust on thee depends;
Teach me the way where I should go;
My soul to thee ascends.

9 Do thou, O Lord, from all my foes
Preserve and set me free;
A safe retreat against their rage
My soul implores from thee.

10 Thou art my God, thy righteous will
Instruct me to obey;

Let thy good Spirit lead and keep
My soul in thy right way.

11 O! for the sake of thy great Name,
Revive my drooping heart;
For thy truth's sake, to me, distress'd,
Thy promis'd aid impart.

12 In pity to my suff'rings, Lord,
Reduce my foes to shame;
Slay them that persecute a soul
Devoted to thy Name.

PSALM CXLIV.

FOR ever bless'd be God the Lord,
Who does his needful aid impart;
At once both strength and skill afford
To wield my arms with warlike art.

2 His goodness is my fort and tow'r,
My strong deliv'rance and my shield;
In him I trust, whose matchless pow'r
Makes to my sway fierce nations yield.

3 Lord, what's in man that thou should'st love
Of him such tender care to take?
What in his offspring could thee move
Such great account of him to make?

4 The life of man does quickly fade,
His thoughts but empty are and vain;
His days are like a flying shade,
Of whose short stay no signs remain.

5 In solemn state, O God, descend,
Whilst heav'n its lofty head inclines;
The smoking hills asunder rend,
Of thy approach the awful signs.

6 Discharge thy dreadful lightnings round,
And make my scatter'd foes retreat;
Them with thy pointed arrows wound,
And their destruction soon complete.

7, 8 Do thou, O Lord, from heav'n engage
Thy boundless pow'r my foes to quell,
And snatch me from the stormy rage
Of threat'ning waves that proudly swell.
Fight thou against my foreign foes,
Who utter speeches false and vain;
Who, though in solemn leagues they close,
Their sworn engagements ne'er maintain.

9 So I to thee, O King of kings,
In new-made hymns my voice shall raise,
And instruments of various strings
Shall help me thus to sing thy praise.

10 "God does to kings his aid afford,
"To them his sure salvation sends;
"'Tis he that from the murd'ring sword
"His servant David still defends."

11 Fight thou against my foreign foes,
Who utter speeches false and vain;
Who, though in solemn leagues they close,
Their sworn engagements ne'er maintain.

12 Then our young sons like trees shall grow,
Well planted in some fruitful place;
Our daughters shall like pillars show,
Design'd some royal court to grace.

13 Our garners, fill'd with various store,
Shall us and our's with plenty feed;
Our sheep, increasing more and more,
Shall thousands and ten thousands breed.

14 Strong shall our lab'ring oxen grow,
Nor in their constant labour faint;
Whilst we no war nor slav'ry know,
And in our streets hear no complaint.

15 Thrice happy is that people's case,
Whose various blessings thus abound;
Who God's true worship still embrace,
And are with his protection crown'd.

PSALM CXLV.

1, 2 THEE I'll extol, my God and King,
Thy endless praise proclaim;
This tribute daily I will bring,
And ever bless thy Name.

3 Thou, Lord, beyond compare art great,
And highly to be prais'd;
Thy majesty, with boundless height,
Above our knowledge rais'd.

4 Renown'd for mighty acts, thy fame
To future times extends;
From age to age thy glorious Name
Successively descends.

5, 6 Whilst I thy glory and renown,
And wondrous works express;
The world with me thy might shall own,
And thy great pow'r confess.

7 The praise, that to thy love belongs,
They shall with joy proclaim;
Thy truth of all their grateful songs
Shall be the constant theme.

8 The Lord is good, fresh acts of grace
His pity still supplies;
His anger moves with slowest pace,
His willing mercy flies.

9, 10 Thy love through earth extends its fame,
To all thy works express'd:
These show thy praise, whilst thy great Name
Is by thy servants bless'd.

11 They, with the glorious prospect fir'd,
Shall of thy kingdom speak;
And thy great pow'r, by all admir'd,
Their lofty subject make.

12 God's glorious works of ancient date
Shall thus to all be known;
And thus his kingdom's royal state
With publick splendour shown.

13 His steadfast throne, from changes free,
Shall stand for ever fast;
His boundless sway no end shall see,
But time itself outlast.

THE SECOND PART.

14, 15 THE Lord does them support that fall,
And makes the prostrate rise;

For his kind aid all creatures call,
Who timely food supplies.
16 Whate'er their various wants require,
With open hand he gives;
And so fulfils the just desire
Of ev'ry thing that lives.
17, 18 How holy is the Lord, how just,
How righteous all his ways!
How nigh to him, who with firm trust
For his assistance prays!
19 He grants the full desires of those
Who him with fear adore;
And will their troubles soon compose,
When they his aid implore.
20 The Lord preserves all those with care
Whom grateful love employs;
But sinners, who his vengeance dare,
With furious rage destroys.
21 My time to come, in praises spent,
Shall still advance his fame,
And all mankind, with one consent,
For ever bless his Name.

PSALM CXLVI.

1, 2 O PRAISE the Lord, and thou, my soul,
For ever bless his Name;
His wondrous love, while life shall last,
My constant praise shall claim.
3 On kings, the greatest sons of men,
Let none for aid rely;
They cannot save in dang'rous times,
Nor timely help apply.
4 Depriv'd of breath, to dust they turn
And there neglected lie,
And all their thoughts and vain designs
Together with them die.
5 Then happy he, who Jacob's God
For his protector takes;
Who still with well-plac'd hope the Lord
His constant refuge makes.
6 The Lord, who made both heav'n and earth,
And all that they contain,
Will never quit his steadfast truth,
Nor make his promise vain.
7 The poor opprest, from all their wrongs
Are eas'd by his decree;
He gives the hungry needful food,
And sets the pris'ners free.
8 By him the blind receive their sight,
The weak and fall'n he rears;
With kind regard and tender love
He for the righteous cares.
9 The strangers he preserves from harm,
The orphan kindly treats,
Defends the widow, and the wiles
Of wicked men defeats.
10 The God that does in Sion dwell
Is our eternal King:
From age to age his reign endures;
Let all his praises sing.

PSALM CXLVII.

O PRAISE the Lord with hymns of joy,
And celebrate his fame:
For pleasant, good, and comely 'tis
To praise his holy Name.
2 His holy city God will build,
Though levell'd with the ground;
Bring back his people, though dispers'd
Through all the nations round.
3, 4 He kindly heals the broken hearts,
And all their wounds doth close;
He tells the number of the stars,
Their sev'ral names he knows.
5, 6 Great is the Lord, and great his pow'r,
His wisdom has no bound;
The meek he raises, but throws down
The wicked to the ground.
7 To God, the Lord, a hymn of praise
With grateful voices sing;
To songs of triumph tune the harp,
And strike each warbling string.
8 He covers heav'n with clouds, and thence
Refreshing rain bestows;
Through him, on mountain-tops, the grass
With wondrous plenty grows.
9 He savage beasts, that loosely range,
With timely food supplies:
He feeds the raven's tender brood,
And stops their hungry cries.
10 He values not the warlike steed,
But does his strength disdain;
The nimble foot, that swiftly runs,
No prize from him can gain.
11 But he, to him that fears his Name,
His tender love extends;
To him that on his boundless grace
With steadfast hope depends.
12, 13 Let Sion and Jerusalem
To God their praise address;
Who fenc'd their gates with massy bars,
And does their children bless.
14, 15 Through all their borders he gives peace,
With finest wheat they're fed;
He speaks the word, and what he wills
Is done as soon as said.
16 Large flakes of snow, like fleecy wool,
Descend at his command;
And hoary frost, like ashes spread,
Is scatter'd o'er the land.
17 When, join'd to these, he does his hail
In little morsels break;
Who can against his piercing cold
Secure defences make?
18 He sends his word, which melts the ice;
He makes his wind to blow;
And soon the streams, congeal'd before,
In plenteous currents flow.
19 By him his statutes and decrees
To Jacob's sons were shown;
And still to Israel's chosen seed
His righteous laws are known.
20 No other nation this can boast,
Nor did he e'er afford
To heathen lands his oracles,
And knowledge of his word.

Hallelujah.

PSALM CXLVIII.

1, 2 YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame,
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame;
Your voices raise,
Ye cherubim
And seraphim,
To sing his praise.

3, 4 Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
And sun, that guld'st the day;
Ye glitt'ring stars of light,
To him your homage pay.
His praise declare,
Ye heav'ns above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air.

5, 6 Let them adore the Lord,
And praise his holy Name,
By whose Almighty word
They all from nothing came.
And all shall last
From changes free;
His firm decree
Stands ever fast.

7, 8 Let earth her tribute pay;
Praise him, ye dreadful whales,
And fish, that through the sea
Glide swift with glitt'ring scales;
Fire, hail, and snow,
And misty air,
And winds that, where
He bids them, blow.

9, 10 By hills and mountains, (all
In grateful concert join'd,)
By cedars stately tall,
And trees for fruit design'd;
By ev'ry beast,
And creeping thing,
And fowl of wing,
His Name be blest.

11, 12 Let all of royal birth,
With those of humbler frame,
And judges of the earth,
His matchless praise proclaim.
In this design
Let youths with maids,
And hoary heads
With children join.

13 United zeal be shown
His wondrous fame to raise,
Whose glorious Name alone
Deserves our endless praise.
Earth's utmost ends
His pow'r obey;
His glorious sway
The sky transcends.

14 His chosen saints to grace,
He sets them up on high,
And favours Israel's race,
Who still to him are nigh.
O therefore raise
Your grateful voice,
And still rejoice
The Lord to praise!

PSALM CXLIX.

1, 2 O PRAISE ye the Lord,
Prepare your glad voice,
His praise in the great
Assembly to sing:
In our great Creator
Let Israel rejoice;
And children of Sion
Be glad in their King.

3, 4 Let them his great Name
Extol in the dance,
With timbrel and harp
His praises express:
Who always takes pleasure
His saints to advance,
And with his salvation
The humble to bless.

5, 6 With glory adorn'd,
His people shall sing
To God, who their beds
With safety does shield;
Their mouths fill'd with praises
Of him their great King;
Whilst a two-edged sword
Their right hand shall wield.

7, 8 Just vengeance to take
For injuries past;
To punish those lands
For ruin design'd;
With chains, as their captives,
To tie their kings fast,
With fetters of iron
Their nobles to bind.

9 Thus shall they make good,
When them they destroy,
The dreadful decree
Which God does proclaim:
Such honour and triumph
His saints shall enjoy;
O therefore for ever
Exalt his great Name.

PSALM CL.

O PRAISE the Lord in that blest place,
From whence his goodness largely flows;
Praise him in heav'n, where he his face
Unveil'd in perfect glory shows.
2 Praise him for all the mighty acts
Which he in our behalf has done;
His kindness this return exacts,
With which our praise should equal run.

3 Let the shrill trumpet's warlike voice
Make rocks and hills his praise rebound;
Praise him with harp's melodious noise,
And gentle psalt'ry's silver sound.
4 Let virgin troops soft timbrels bring,
And some with graceful motion dance;
Let instruments of various strings,
With organs join'd, his praise advance.

5 Let them, who joyful hymns compose,
To cymbals set their songs of praise;
Cymbals of common use, and those
That loudly sound on solemn days.

6 Let all that vital breath enjoy,
The breath he does to them afford,
In just returns of praise employ:
Let ev'ry creature praise the Lord.

GLORIA PATRI.

I. *Common Metre.*

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory; as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

II. *As the 25th Psalm.*

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be;
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so
To all eternity.

III. *As the 100th Psalm.*

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heav'n adore,
Be glory; as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

IV. *As Psalm 37, and 113.*

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heav'n's triumphant host
And suff'ring saints on earth adore,
Be glory; as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last,
When time itself shall be no more.

V. *As the 148th Psalm.*

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever blest,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be addrest;
As heretofore
It was, is now,
And shall be so
For evermore.

VI. *As the 149th Psalm.*

By angels in heav'n
Of ev'ry degree,
And saints upon earth,
All praise be addrest
To God in Three Persons,
One God ever blest;
As it has been, now is,
And always shall be.

VII.

To God, our benefactor, bring
The tribute of your praise;
Too small for an Almighty King,
But all that we can raise.
Glory to Thee, bless'd Three in One,
The God whom we adore;
As was, and is, and shall be done,
When time shall be no more

VIII.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, angelick host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMNS.

FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

I.

HIGH let us swell our tuneful notes,
And join th' angelick throng,
For angels no such love have known,
T' awake a cheerful song.
Good-will to sinful men is shown,
And peace on earth is given;
For, lo! th' incarnate Saviour comes
With messages from heav'n.
Justice and grace, with sweet accord,
His rising beams adorn;
Let heav'n and earth in concert join,
To us a Child is born.
Glory to God in highest strains,
In highest worlds be paid;
His glory by our lips proclaim'd,
And by our lives display'd.
When shall we reach those blissful realms
Where Christ exalted reigns;
And learn of the celestial choir
Their own immortal strains?

II.

HARK, the herald-angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconcil'd!
Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies,
With th' angelick host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.
Hark, the herald-angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King!
Christ, by highest heav'n ador'd,
Christ the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb:
Veil'd in flesh the Godhead he,
Hail th' incarnate Deity:
Pleas'd as man with man appear,
Jesus our Immanuel here.
Hark, the herald-angels, &c.
Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Ris'n with healing in his wings.
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hark, the herald-angels, &c.

III.

SONG OF THE ANGELS.

Luke ii. 8—15.

WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
Fear not, said he, (for mighty dread
Had seiz'd their troubled mind,)
Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.
To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;—
And this shall be the sign:
The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapt in swathing-bands,
And in a manger laid.
Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Address'd their joyful song:
All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from Heav'n to men
Begin, and never cease.

FOR LENT.

THE LAMENTATION OF A SINNER.

O LORD, turn not thy face from me,
Who lie in woeful state,
Lamenting all my sinful life
Before thy mercy-gate;
A gate which opens wide to those
That do lament their sin:
Shut not that gate against me, Lord,
But let me enter in.
And call me not to strict account,
How I have sojourn'd here;
For then my guilty conscience knows
How vile I shall appear.
I need not to confess my life
To thee, who best can tell
What I have been, and what I am;
I know thou know'st it well.
The circumstances of my crimes,
Their number and their kind,
Thou know'st them all; and more, much more
Than I can call to mind;
Therefore, with tears, I come to beg
Of my offended God,
For pardon, like a child that dreads
His angry parent's rod.
So come I to thy mercy-gate,
Where mercy doth abound,
Imploring pardon for my sin,
To heal my deadly wound.
O Lord, I need not to repeat
The comfort I would have:
Thou know'st, O Lord, before I ask,
The blessing I do crave.
Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask,
This is the total sum;
For mercy, Lord, is all my suit;
Lord, let thy mercy come!

FOR EASTER DAY.

First Hymn.

SINCE Christ, our passover, is slain
A sacrifice for all;
Let all with thankful hearts agree
To keep the festival:

Not with the leaven, as of old,
Of sin and malice fed;
But with unfeign'd sincerity,
And truth's unleaven'd bread.

Christ, being rais'd by pow'r divine,
And rescu'd from the grave,
Shall die no more; death shall on him
No more dominion have.

For that he died, 'twas for our sins
He once vouchsaf'd to die;
But that he lives, he lives to God
For all eternity.

So count yourselves as dead to sin,
But graciously restor'd,
And made henceforth alive to God,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Second Hymn.

CHRIST from the dead is rais'd, and made
The first-fruits of the tomb;
For as by man came death, by man
Did resurrection come.

For as in Adam all mankind
Did guilt and death derive,
So by the righteousness of Christ
Shall all be made alive.

If then ye risen are with Christ,
Seek only how to get
The things that are above, where Christ
At God's right hand doth sit.

Third Hymn.

JESUS Christ is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy day;
Who did once, upon the cross,
Suffer to redeem our loss.
Hallelujah.

Hymns of praise then let us sing
Unto Christ our heavenly King;
Who endur'd the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.
Hallelujah.

But the pains which he endur'd,
Our salvation hath procur'd;
Now above the sky he's King,
Where the angels ever sing.
Hallelujah.

FOR WHIT-SUNDAY.

Veni, Creator.

First Metre.

COME, Holy Ghost; Creator, come,
And visit all the souls of thine:
Thou hast inspir'd our hearts with life;
Inspire them now with life divine.

Thou art the Comforter, the gift
Of God most high; the fire of love,
The everlasting spring of joy,
And holy unction from above.

Thy gifts are manifold; thou writ'st
God's laws in ev'ry faithful heart;
The promise of the Father, thou
Dost heav'nly eloquence impart.

Enlighten our dark souls, till they
Thy love, thy heav'nly love embrace;
And (since we are by nature frail)
Assist us with thy saving grace.

Drive far from us the mortal foe,
And grant us to have peace within;
That, with thy light and guidance blest,
We may escape the snares of sin.

Teach us the Father to confess,
And Son, who from the grave reviv'd;
And, with the Father and the Son,
Thee, Holy Ghost, from both deriv'd.

With thee, O Father, therefore, may
The Son, who was from death restor'd,
And sacred Comforter, One God,
To endless ages be ador'd!

Second Metre.

COME, Holy Ghost; Creator, come,
Inspire the souls of thine;
Till every heart which thou hast made
Is fill'd with grace divine.

Thou art the Comforter, the gift
Of God, and fire of love;
The everlasting spring of joy,
And unction from above.

Thy gifts are manifold, thou writ'st
God's laws in each true heart;
The promise of the Father, thou
Dost heav'nly speech impart.

Enlighten our dark souls, till they
Thy sacred love embrace;
Assist our minds, by nature frail,
With thy celestial grace.

Drive far from us the mortal foe,
And give us peace within;
That by their guidance bless'd, we may
Escape the snares of sin.

Teach us the Father to confess,
And Son, from death reviv'd;
And, with them both, Thee, Holy Ghost,
Who art from both deriv'd.

With thee, O Father, therefore, may
The Son, from death restor'd,
And sacred Comforter, one God,
Devoutly be ador'd:
As in all ages heretofore
Has constantly been done,
As now it is, and shall be so
When time his course has run.

FOUR HYMNS FOR THE HOLY COMMUNION.

Hymn I.

MY God, and is thy table spread,
And doth thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them all thy sweetness know.

Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood!
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heav'nly food.

Why are its dainties all in vain
Before unwilling hearts display'd?
Was not for you the victim slain?
Are you forbid the children's bread?

O! let thy table honour'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes!

Let crowds approach, with hearts prepar'd,
With hearts inflam'd let all attend;
Nor, when we leave our Father's board,
The pleasure or the profit end.

Revive thy dying churches, Lord,
And bid our drooping graces live;
And more, that energy afford,
A Saviour's blood alone can give.

Hymn II.

Out of the *Revelation* of *St. John.*

THOU, God, all glory, honour, pow'r,
Art worthy to receive;
Since all things by thy pow'r were made,
And by thy bounty live.

And worthy is the Lamb, all pow'r,
Honour, and wealth to gain,
Glory and strength; who for our sins
A sacrifice was slain.

All worthy thou, who hast redeem'd
And ransom'd us to God,
From ev'ry nation, ev'ry coast,
By thy most precious blood.

Blessing and honour, glory, pow'r,
By all in earth and heav'n,
To him that sits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb, be giv'n.

Hymn III.

Revelation, Chap. xix.

ALL ye who faithful servants are
Of our Almighty King,
Both high and low, and small and great,
His praise devoutly sing!

Let us rejoice and render thanks
To his most holy Name;
Rejoice, rejoice! for now is come
The marriage of the Lamb.

His bride herself has ready made,
How pure and white her dress!
Which is her saints' Integrity,
And spotless holiness.

O therefore bless'd is every one,
Who to the marriage-feast,
And holy supper of the Lamb,
Is made a welcome guest!

Hymn IV.

The Thanksgiving in the Church Communion Service.

TO God be glory, peace on earth,
To all mankind good-will;
We bless, we praise, we worship thee,
And glorify thee still.

And thanks for thy great glory give,
That fills our souls with light;
O Lord! God! heav'nly King! the God
And Father of all might.

And thou, begotten Son of God,
Before all time begun;
O Jesu Christ! God, Lamb of God!
The Father's only Son!

Have mercy, thou that tak'st the sins
Of all the world away!
Have mercy, Saviour of mankind,
And hear us when we pray!

O thou, who sitt'st at God's right hand,
Upon the Father's throne,
Have mercy on us, Thou, O Christ,
Who art the Holy One!

Thou, Lord,—who with the Holy Ghost,
Whom earth and heav'n adore,
In glory of the Father art
Most high for evermore.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

The First Part.

O GOD, we praise thee, and confess
That thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth ador'd.

To thee all Angels cry aloud;
To thee the Powers on high,
Both Cherubim and Seraphim,
Continually do cry,

O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heav'nly hosts obey;
The world is with the glory fill'd
Of thy majestick ray.

Th' Apostles' glorious company,
And Prophets crown'd with light,
With all the Martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

The holy Church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses thee;
That thou eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.

Thy honour'd, true, and only Son,
And Holy Ghost the spring
Of never-ceasing joy: O Christ,
Of glory thou art King.

The Father's everlasting Son,
Thou from on high didst come
To save mankind, and didst not then
Disdain the Virgin's womb.

And, having overcome the sting
Of death, thou open'dst wide
The gates of heav'n to all, who firm
In thy belief abide.

The Second Part.

CROWN'D with the Father's glory, thou
At God's right hand dost sit;
Whence thou shalt come to be our Judge,
To sentence or acquit.

O therefore save thy servants, Lord,
Whose souls so dearly cost;
Nor let the purchase of thy blood,
Thy precious blood, be lost.

We magnify thee day by day,
And ever worship thee:
Vouchsafe to keep us, Lord, this day
From sin and danger free.
Have mercy, mercy on us, Lord!
To us thy grace extend;
According as for mercy we
On thee alone depend!
In thee I have repos'd my trust,
And ever shall do so;
Preserve me then from ruin here,
And from eternal woe.

BENEDICTUS;

Or, The SONG of *Zacharias*, Luke i. 68.

NOW blest be Israel's Lord and God,
Whose mercy at our need
Has visited his people's grief,
And them from bondage freed;
And rais'd in faithful David's house
Salvation, which of old,
E'er since the world itself began,
His prophets had foretold.

To save us from our spiteful foes,
And keep his oath in mind,
Which he to Abr'am heretofore,
And to our fathers sign'd;
That we, from fear and danger freed,
His temple may frequent;
And all our days, as in his sight,
In holy life be spent.

And thou, O child, shalt then be call'd
God's prophet, to declare
His message, and before his face
His passage to prepare:
To give them light, who now in shades
Of night and death abide;
And in the way that leads to peace
Our footsteps safely guide.

MAGNIFICAT;

Or, The SONG of the *Blessed Virgin*, Luke i. 46.

MY soul and spirit, fill'd with joy,
My God and Saviour praise,
Whose goodness did from poor estate
His humble handmaid raise.
Me bless'd of God, the God of pow'r,
All ages shall confess;
Whose Name is holy, and whose love
His saints shall ever bless.

The proud, and all their vain designs,
He quickly did confound;
He cast the mighty from their seat,
The meek and humble crown'd.
The hungry with good things were fill'd,
The rich with hunger pin'd;
He sent his servant Israel help,
And call'd his love to mind;

Which to our fathers heretofore
By oath he did ensure,
To Abr'am and his chosen seed
For ever to endure.

NUNC DIMITTIS;

Or, The SONG of *Simeon*, Luke ii. 29.

LORD, let thy servant now depart
Into thy promis'd rest,
Since my expecting eyes have been
With thy salvation blest:
Which till this time thy favour'd saints
And prophets only knew;
Long since prepar'd, but now set forth
In all the people's view.

A light to shew the heathen world
The way to saving grace;
But, O! the light and glory both
Of Israel's chosen race.

THE CREED.

I STEADFASTLY believe in God,
The Father of all might;
Who made this lower world, and all
The glorious worlds of light:
And I believe in Jesus Christ,
The everlasting Word;
Th' Almighty Father's only Son,
And our most gracious Lord.

Conceiv'd by th' Holy Ghost, and of
The Virgin Mary born;
By Pontius Pilate doom'd to bear
Most bitter pains and scorn;
Was crucified, and for a time,
Both dead and buried lay;
Descended into hell; and rose
To life on the third day;

Ascended up to heav'n; and there
At God's right hand is plac'd;
From whence he shall return to judge
The quick and dead at last.
I likewise firmly do believe,
O Holy Ghost, in thee;
The holy universal Church,
And saints' community.

Forgiveness of repented sins,
(Through Christ, our sacrifice,)
The resurrection of the dead,
And life that never dies.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

First Metre.

OUR Father, who in heaven art,
Thy Name be hallow'd in each heart.
Thy kingdom come: may we fulfil,
Who dwell on earth, thy heav'nly will,
With equal cheerfulness and love,
As saints and angels do above.

Give us this day our daily bread:
Us into no temptation lead:
But with thy grace preserve us still
From sin, and ev'ry thing that's ill;
For thine the kingdom, and the pow'r,
And glory are for evermore.

Second Metre.

OUR Father, who in heaven art,
All hallow'd be thy Name;
Thy kingdom come; thy will be done
Throughout this earthly frame,
As cheerfully as 'tis by those
Who dwell with thee on high;
Lord, let thy bounty day by day
Our daily food supply.

As we forgive our enemies,
Thy pardon, Lord, we crave;
Into temptation lead us not,
But us from evil save.
For kingdom, pow'r, and glory, all
Belong, O Lord, to thee;
Thine from eternity they were,
And thine shall ever be.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

GOD spake these words, O Israel hear,
What I shall now command,
Thy Lord and only God am I,
Who with almighty hand
From Egypt's land, and from the house
Of bondage set thee free:
And therefore, Israel, thou shalt have
No other God but me.

Thou shalt no graven image make,
Nor likeness shalt thou feign,
Of any thing that heav'n or earth,
Or wat'ry deeps contain.
Thou shalt not bow thyself to them,
Nor outward worship pay;
Much less shalt thou, in heart, adore,
And to an idol pray.

For I thy God, a jealous God,
The father's sin chastise
To third and fourth descent of all
Who are my enemies:
But mercy do to thousands show,
And bounteously repay
All those who me sincerely love,
And my commands obey.

The sacred Name of God, thy Lord,
Thou never shalt profane,
For God will them not guiltless hold
Who take His Name in vain.
Remember thou the sabbath-day
To keep with holy care;
Six days to labour thou shalt take,
To finish each affair:

But God, thy Lord, the seventh day
His sabbath did ordain,
In which thou shalt from ev'ry kind
Of worldly work refrain.
Thyself, thy children, servants, then
From labour shall be free,
Thy cattle, and the stranger, whom
Thou tak'st to dwell with thee:

For God thy Lord, the solemn space
Of six whole days did take,
The heavens, earth, and seas, and all
Therein contain'd, to make;
But rested on the seventh day,
Which for that cause he blest,
And sanctified it to be kept
A day of holy rest.

Honour thy parents that thou may'st
Both long and happy live,
In that blest land which God, thy Lord,
Did for thy dwelling give.
From murder; from adultery;
And theft thou shalt forbear:
Nor falsely shalt in any case
Against thy neighbour swear.

Thou shalt not covet house or wife,
Or man, or maid of his,
Or ox, or ass, or aught whereof
He rightful owner is.
Have mercy therefore on us, Lord,
And all our hearts incline
With diligence and care to keep
These righteous laws of Thine.

MORNING HYMN.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Redeem thy mispent moments past,
And live this day as if thy last;
Thy talents to improve take care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear;
For God's all-seeing eye surveys
Thy secret thoughts, thy works and ways.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part;
Who all night long unwearied sing
High glory to th' eternal King!

EVENING HYMN.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thy own Almighty wings!

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That, with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

O let my soul on thee repose!
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close:
Sleep, that shall me more vig'rous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.

If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heav'nly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

AN

ALPHABETICAL TABLE,

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GLORIA PATRI.
HYMNS for CHRISTMAS DAY.
HYMN for LENT.
HYMNS for EASTER DAY.
HYMNS for WHIT SUNDAY.
HYMNS for the HOLY COMMUNION.
TE DEUM LAUDAMUS. (1st and 2nd Parts.)
BENEDICTUS, *or*, The Song of Zacharias.
MAGNIFICAT, *or*, The Song of the Blessed Virgin.
NUNC DIMITTIS, *or*, The Song of Simeon.
THE CREED.
THE LORD'S PRAYER. (1st and 2nd Metre.)
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.
MORNING HYMN.
EVENING HYMN.